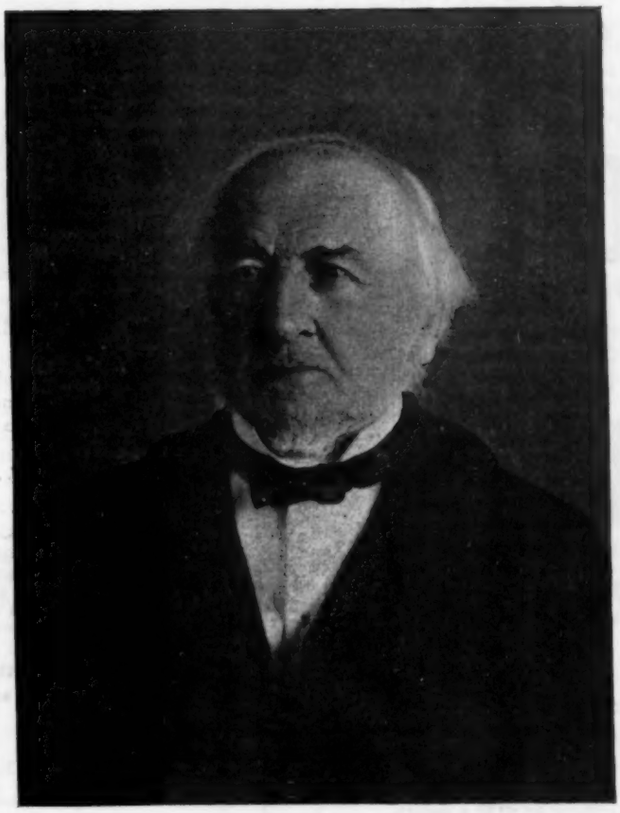
Rev Chas E Hall

Zion's Herald

May 25, 1898



Gladstone

HOME MISSION NOTES

— The night schools, carried on by missionaries of the W. H. M. S. in the South, are much appreciated. A local preacher, who wants to learn to read his Bible and Discipline correctly, is a student in one of these schools. A carpenter wants enough arithmetic to do business, and an old washerwoman wants to learn to write to her son "up North." A white-haired old man wishes to study "Mr. Webster's work" (an old speller which he prizes highly) and says pathetically: "I never had a chance!"

— The superintendent of our Indian Mission at Lyndon, Wash., where we have fourteen children in the Home, writes: "Our work is prospering this year. The children have been unusually well in the Home, although there is much sickness among the old Indians. As I write, the little ones are having a splendid time at the swing. These Indian children are better natured than any white children I have ever known. They quarrel very little. We are to have a missionary meeting in our church, in the near future, at which our girls will sing, 'Here am I, send me.' I am proud of them."

— The Philadelphia Conference Woman's Home Missionary Society has pledged $200 to name a room in Rust Hall, at Washington, D. C., as a memorial to that faithful friend and supporter of all good work, Mrs. Bishop Simpson. The numerous calls for deaconesses make it manifest that the enlargement of the Training School is a pressing necessity. Making ready to train large numbers of Christian workers for effective service as missionaries and deaconesses is a wise and far-seeing use of money. Let there may be many "memorial" rooms in the greatly-needed Rust Hall.

— The first Chinaman came to our country about fifty years ago. Within twenty-five years 200,000 found their way hither. The last census gives the total number now in the United States as 107,475; the decrease is owing to the stringent immigration laws. Of these 72,472 are found in California, 20,000 of whom are in San Francisco, about 2,500 being women and girls. There are thirty known "joss houses" in America; and it is believed there are a number of private ones in addition.

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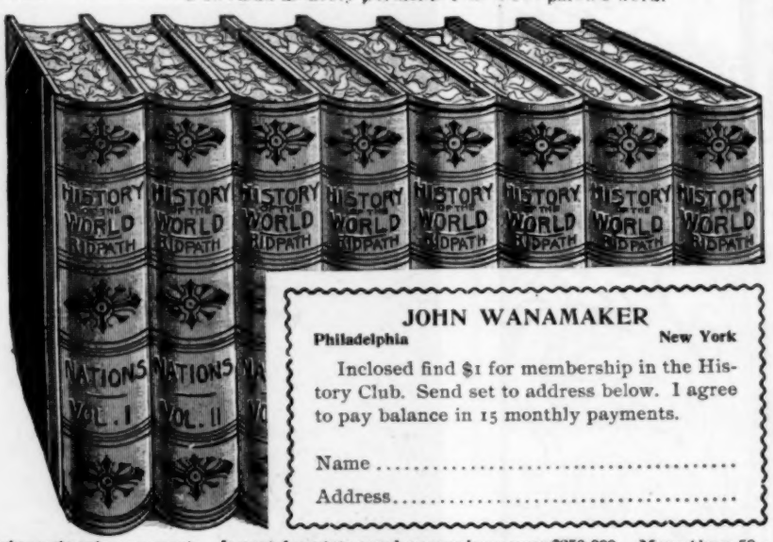

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Philadelphia JOHN WANAMAKER New York

Zion's Herald

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Zion's Herald

CHARLES PARKHURST, Editor

A. S. WEED, Publisher

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All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.

An Envelope Trust

Arrangements and agreements have been completed by which about ninety per cent. of all the makers of envelopes in the United States have combined. The company will have an authorized capital of $7,000,000. It is claimed that, without raising prices, it will be possible to make a large saving in the expense of management without reducing the number of those employed in the factories. There will be a large reduction in the number of salesmen and clerks.

The Western Farmer

He has stopped burning grain for fuel, and is burning mortgages instead. A year ago May wheat was selling for less than 75 cents a bushel; now it is selling for $1.50. It is claimed that hard times in the West has caused our national financial depression, and that prosperity in the West means national prosperity. Wisely or unwisely, the farmers are attributing the changed condition of affairs largely to this modern Joseph (Leiter), who by putting three million dollars into his own pocket has put fifty times that amount into their pockets. The line runs far beyond that point, but it may run in that direction nevertheless.

Who Are Our Friends?

Russia gave us substantial proof of her friendship during the war of the Rebellion. The St. Petersburg press shows few signs of unfriendliness now; and this in spite of the excitement caused by Mr. Chamberlain's late era-indicating speech at Birmingham. French bankers have made large investments in Spanish securities, and our victory means serious loss to them; a portion of the Paris press has given utterance to unfriendliness, but the government thus far has given us no reason to complain. Germany is an uncertain factor under her present ruler. Neither Austria nor Italy dare espouse the cause of Spain without material assurances of aid from the other Powers. England is keenly alive to her need of our sympathy and moral support. She can always be trusted to take care of her own interests, and just at present those interests are plainly in line with ours. Europe is far too wise in statecraft to antagonize a country whose trade is worth more than fifty times that of Spain and all her colonies.

National Conference of Charities and Corrections

This important and influential body began its 25th annual session on Wednesday of last week in the city of New York. Hon. Joseph Choate presided at the opening meeting, which was held in Carnegie Hall. Addresses were made by Bishop Potter and Archbishop Corrigan. The first conference, held in New York in 1874, was composed of nineteen members. The present membership is 1,180, and it is expected that 2,000 members will be enrolled before the present session closes. Some very lively discussions have taken place, notably when Mr. Kellar, the Tammany chief of Public Charities, upheld partisanship in municipal affairs, and again when the question of convict labor was unexpectedly injected, after an able address by Carl Schurz. Mayor Quincy of Boston, Dr. D. B. St. John Roosa, Frederick H. Wines, Rev. Dr. Greer of St. Bartholomew's, and many of the most distinguished reformers, philanthropists, prison officials and managers of charitable societies in the United States contributed to the Conference. The fullest discussion was permitted, and mines of original research and study were freely opened for contributions and suggestions. The press gave full reports, and the meetings were the largest ever held by the society. The work is wide-reaching, helpful and wholesome. Such a gathering of men and women who are so thoroughly competent to give helpful suggestions and foster all legitimate reform is a noteworthy tribute to an advancing civilization, and in these days of struggle for wealth and place furnishes an inspiration to the great army of reform. The next session of the Conference will be held at Cincinnati, Ohio, in May, 1899.

Spiritual and Physical Comfort for Army and Navy

It will be remembered that during the Civil War we had first the Sanitary Commission, to furnish delicacies for the sick and to provide special care for the wounded, and that later it was found necessary to supplement the work by the Christian Commission, which while fully realizing the advantages of physical relief placed equal stress on the necessity of spiritual aid and comfort. Mr. Moody has announced that he will further the efforts of the Y. M. C. A. in its plan for work among the soldiers, and the Secretary of War has granted adequate permission to the workers to be placed in the field. It was hoped that the Red Cross Society would be broad enough to include all those who were planning to do the work done by the Sanitary Commission, but an organization was formed in Philadelphia which has gathered so much headway that the promise of one society for the one work is not promising. Branch societies of the Red Cross are being organized in the principal cities, and much good work has already been done. At the suggestion of Surgeon General Van Reypen of the Navy the Colonial Dames will have special oversight of the "Solace," which flies the flag of the Red Cross Society and ministers to friend and foe alike. The French Red Cross Society has opened a subscription for the wounded of both sides and headed the list with a subscription of $10,000. During the Franco-Prussian War the United States alone contributed $120,000 for the wounded soldiers of both countries. Thus does bread cast upon the waters return after many days.

Manila and the Customs

The ships carrying supplies to Manila will doubtless bring cargoes home from there. The question as to whether these cargoes are liable to duty or not, was answered long ago. It was during the Mexican war that a Philadelphia merchant sought to recover duties paid on freight from Tampico on the plea that Tampico was in possession of the United States. The supreme court decided that military occupation of conquered territory does not entitle its imports to be entered free of duty. Neither Manila nor Cuba will yield free sugar until they are regularly annexed to the United States.

Launch of the "Alabama"

This powerful battleship was put into the water at Cramps' shipyard on Wednesday in the presence of a few invited guests. There was none of the publicity that has previously attended the launching of men-of-war. The traditional bottle of wine was broken over her bows by Miss Morgan, of Alabama. This ship differs from the "Massachusetts" and the others of that class in not carrying any eight-inch guns, thus doing away with four turrets and reducing her weight by that much. She carries four thirteen-inch guns and fourteen six-inch guns besides her very effective secondary battery. In this respect she is unquestionably an improvement on any of our battleships yet launched. Other minor improvements are also noted. The "Wisconsin," building at the Union Iron Works in San Francisco, and the "Illinois," building at Newport News, are sister ships. The contract calls for her completion by Oct. 1, 1899, and if the armor can be furnished, she will be ready by that time and possibly a month

or two earlier. She is 11,525 tons, and her guaranteed speed is fourteen knots.

An English Victory for Women

Medical women in England have won, after twenty-five years of persistent effort. The dogged conservatism of the English people is very slow to yield a point, and for many years women wishing to enter upon the study and practice of medicine have been seriously handicapped; but the simple announcement that the Princess of Wales will open the new building of the Women's Medical College on the 11th of July is proof that the conservatism has yielded. The building forms only a part of a carefully matured plan for a medical college for women that will give them an established place among the medical fraternity. Its cost is about $50,000. Other buildings will be added as funds are collected, and the college will be equipped with all the latest and best appliances for the successful study of medicine and surgery. English prejudice is hard to overcome, but once it yields it never retracts.

The Censorship of the Press

The United States recently despatched the steamer "Gussie" with troops and arms to open communication with the insurgents in Cuba. All the particulars of the proposed expedition, and all the details connected with it, were promptly telegraphed throughout the country, and long before the expedition sailed Blanco was as thoroughly informed as the President. The result was an utter failure. "Yellow journalism" won the day. But, immediately after, there were issued such stringent orders from Washington that ever since then the public has had no reliable knowledge of the whereabouts of any of the ships in the West Indies, with here and there an exception. The amount of aid and comfort given to the enemy by the insatiate desire for "news" has been worth hundreds of thousands of dollars to Spain. It was time to stop this long ago, but since it has been effectively stopped we have every reason to congratulate ourselves.

The New Spanish Cabinet

Sagasta announced a new cabinet on Wednesday. Correa, minister of war; Puigcerver, minister of finance; Groizard, minister of justice; and Capdepon, minister of the interior, were members of the late cabinet. Gamazo, minister of public instruction, was minister of finance in the cabinet of 1893, and is said to be the strongest man in the present ministry. Giron is minister of the colonies, and Aunon minister of the marine. These are new men who, until the breaking out of the war, have had no special prominence. Castillo, who now represents Spain at the French capital, was named for minister of foreign affairs, but he declined. It will be very difficult to find an acceptable substitute for him. The stability of the cabinet depends entirely on the successful and vigorous prosecution of the war. The war party is in the ascendency now, and makes itself felt by manifesting its willingness to support a Liberal ministry. The attitude of the Conservative party toward the present dynasty is the only thing that makes the formation of a Liberal cabinet possible at this juncture.

Our Present Foreign Trade

This was never so large as now. During the ten months of the present fiscal year we have exported and sold abroad twice as much as we have imported. The figures are: exports, $1,025,426,681; imports, $511,181,186. The agricultural exports exceed by $100,000,000 those of the corresponding ten months of last year. In our history as a nation we have never made such a favorable showing as this.

Our Trade with Cuba

In 1892–'93 it amounted to $102,864,204. In 1896–'97 it was less than one-third that sum. In 1893–'94 we imported nearly a million tons of sugar from Cuba — about half the total amount consumed in the United States. Tobacco and vegetables were also imported in large quantities. We export breadstuffs, meats, coal and kerosene, and manufactured goods. The trade with Cuba alone in 1892–'93 exceeded that of our trade with all Asiatic countries. As nearly all this was carried in American vessels, it will be seen that the insurrection cost us a great deal of money while we were at peace with Spain.

Edward Bellamy

The death of the author of "Looking Backward" was not unexpected. Last August he was laid aside with consumption, and although he tried the effect of a change of climate, he got no relief. He returned to his home in Chicopee Falls in January, and died there on Sunday. Although he has written several books, he will be remembered because of "Looking Backward." This socialistic novel appeared in 1888, and had a most remarkable run. It was sold by the hundred thousand. It was translated into nearly a dozen languages, including the Arabic. "Equality," which appeared last year, while logically a proper supplement to "Looking Backward," lacks the novelty and charm of the earlier volume. Bellamy was the son of a Baptist minister, a young man who made many friends. His communities get on well in books; his theories are plausible; but the instant they are applied to the human race as it now exists on the earth, either the race or the theories must go to the wall.

The Presbyterian General Assembly

The formal opening took place at Winona Lake, Ind., on Thursday, the 19th, Dr. Sheldon Jackson, the retiring moderator, delivering the sermon. A very exciting and interesting campaign preceded the election of officers. Rev. Dr. McCook of Philadelphia was earnestly pressed for the position of moderator by a large and influential number of delegates and friends, but the Assembly made choice of Rev. Dr. Wallace, pastor of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church of Washington. Governor J. A. Mount of Indiana was elected vice moderator. The chairmen of the various standing committees are men prominent in the denomination. The routine work moves on with unusual interest, and live topics of the day are treated with refreshing candor. The financial exhibit is the best for years.

The War News of a Week

The ships of the two countries have been playing at hide and seek on this side of the water, and up to this writing the hiding has been more successful than the seeking. Taking on a small supply of coal at Curacoa a week ago last Sunday, the Spanish admiral appears to have stood to the southward along the Venezuelan coast, and most probably took more coal from some collier ordered to meet him there. Then he made a bee line for Santiago de Cuba on the southwest side of the island, arriving there on Thursday. Two ways are open for him to reach Havana: he can go east through the Windward Channel, or west around San Antonio. By the latter route he would have the most sea room. The difference between the two routes is less than one hundred miles. As he has the advantage of speed, he has a fighting chance of getting to Havana, for which port he is undoubtedly bound. By appearing at Santiago he divides the recently united American fleet. It will be necessary for Sampson to send ships east and west in order to make sure of intercepting the enemy. A great battle, with twelve Spanish ships sunk, was duly fought in the newspapers on Saturday, but neither of the commanding officers knew of it.

But while we are somewhat uncertain as to the movements of the Spanish fleet in American waters, we know exactly where the Spanish fleet in the East is located. Great disappointment is felt that although more than three weeks have elapsed since Dewey's victory, not a single soldier has yet been despatched to his relief. The "Charleston" started out on Thursday from Mare Island, but was obliged to put back for repairs and did not get off till Sunday. She carries ammunition, but not troops. Twenty days must elapse before she can reach Dewey. It is a relief to learn that the powerful coast defence monitor "Monterey" is to be sent to Manila as soon as she can be fitted out. It is rumored that the Spanish will send a fleet to fight Dewey, and that is exactly the thing they would do if they could; but they haven't the ships to send.

General Merritt has been appointed military governor of the Philippines, and has successfully insisted that he shall be given an adequate force. He will have at least 4,000 regulars and 15,000 volunteers. It will be July, and the end of the fiscal year, before he will be able to muster them at Manila.

If we have won no trophies in war during the past week, we have certainly won one in peace. Once upon a time the Sixth Massachusetts marched through Baltimore. It was very roughly handled by the citizens and left some of its members dead in the streets. But last week another Sixth Massachusetts on its way to fight the battles of the nation was treated to a reception such as was never given to a passing regiment before. The stone-throwers of '61 bore flowers in '98. It was an era-marking day, the Saturday of last week, when North and South grasped hands in a new brotherhood.

GLADSTONE

IN the annals of a century which claims, among other noteworthy features, to have been singularly prolific in men of remarkable character, ability and achievements, no man has attracted wider attention or left behind him a nobler record than the distinguished British statesman who passed away on the morning of May 19. Descended on the mother's side, as his biographers allege, from the royal families both of England and Scotland, and on the father's from a line of illustrious ancestors whose lineage can be traced back in an unbroken thread for more than seven centuries, probably no man's renown and greatness were ever less dependent on splendor and antiquity of pedigree than his. Earl Russell, who tried so sorely the diplomatic temper and patience of Charles Francis Adams in the affair of the "Alabama" and other Confederate cruisers in the opening year of the Civil War, noted with admiration the brilliant promise of Gladstone from the moment he entered Oxford, where he carried off the most covetable honors the University could confer to the time when he ventured into the exciting arena of public life — a young man of twenty-four — to step at once to the front and take rank among the first parliamentary orators of his day. "There can be no doubt," says Lord Russell, "that Mr. Gladstone, by his great eloquence, by his power of developing the most abstruse propositions and embracing at once in his large capacity the most logical demonstrations with the most captivating and dazzling rhetoric, has made for himself a fame which in the lapse of centuries will suffer no eclipse." Nature in the distribution of her choicest gifts showed unusual generosity to the man who was to fill for sixty years so large a place in the eye of the world. To heredity, early education, home influence and environment his debt was by no means small. His mother — Anne Robertson — was "a lady of great accomplishments, of commanding presence and high intellect — a fascinating woman." His father, John Gladstone — a typical Scotchman — was one of the most notable figures in the commercial and political life of Liverpool, rising by dint of businesslike energy and courage to considerable wealth and municipal eminence.

The recollections of Gladstone's earliest childhood were closely interwoven with the stirring political events and issues of the period. In acknowledging a congratulatory address presented him by the citizens of the great seaport on his seventieth birthday he said, referring to an election contest of 1812 in which a statesman of first rank figured conspicuously: "I remember the first election of Mr. Canning in Liverpool." He was but three years old when the eloquent George Canning addressed the electors from the balcony of his father's house in Rodney Street, where he was born in 1809, and where his precocious intelligence led him to listen with premature interest to the conversation of the political celebrities of the day, such as Canning, Sir Robert Peel, who afterwards became his greatly-esteemed tutor in the art of statesmanship, and many others. These influences and associations of his childhood molded his character, determined the bias of his mind, and gave a distinctive color to his youthful dreams and ambitions. He was only eighteen when at Eton School he said in an article contributed to the school paper on "Eloquence:" "A successful *début*, an offer from the minister, a secretaryship of state, even the premiership itself, are the objects which form the vista along which a young visionary loves to look." Few aspiring youths have realized their loftiest dreams of eminence and power so amply and so soon. Hardly six years were to pass before the "successful début;" the "secretaryship" soon followed, to be only a preparation and apprenticeship for other and higher responsibilities; and "even the premiership itself" fell oftener to his lot than he could have anticipated, for he three times held the helm of state for lengthened periods.

Though as a scholar and student he took exceptionally high rank at Oxford, it was perhaps as a member of the Oxford Union Debating Society that he most distinguished himself, showing all the remarkable self-poise, skill, readiness of resource, breadth of intellectual conception and loftiness of moral tone which afterwards made him *facile princeps* of parliamentary debaters and often the invincible exponent and champion of great moral and political issues. Here, too, he became acquainted with many of the men who, during the past fifty years, have left their ineffaceable mark on the religious, political and literary life of England, such as Cardinal Manning, Cardinal Newman, Dr. Pusey, John Keble, the late Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, and others. During one of his administrations he had not less than seven men in his cabinet, including himself, who had been presidents of the Union Debating Society. His intellectual development and power in debate at Oxford were, however, far in advance of his views which, as he afterwards admitted, were narrow, crude and inconsistent. His father was a slaveholder in Demerara, and he was ready to defend slavery. He had no sympathy with the political emancipation of the Jews, with the doctrines of religious freedom and equality, with the extension of the franchise. Ecclesiastically he was a strong Erastian, and in 1838 wrote a book in support of his position.

Such was the impression produced by his character and talents at the University — the poet Southey declaring him to be "the ablest person that Oxford has sent forth for many years since Peel or Canning" — that he was almost immediately asked to contest the small borough of Newark for a seat in the first reformed Parliament in 1832. Through the enormous influence of the Duke of New Castle he was successful. He held the seat till 1847. When his views on the Corn Laws, which the Duke upheld, changed, he resolved to seek the representation of some other constituency. Sir Robert Peel had early noted the latent power and promise of the rising "hope of the Tories," had invited him before he had been two years at Westminster to assume an under secretaryship — making him later on secretary of state for the colonies — and had subsequently listened to his advice and welcomed his eloquent speeches on the repeal of the iniquitous and suicidal legislation which for years had been filling the country with poverty, distress and discontent. To the pressure of such men as the recently deceased Charles Pelham Villiers, Richard Cobden and John Bright outside the government, and of Mr. Gladstone within, Peel finally yielded. With the downfall of his chief Gladstone bade farewell to the Tories, and after Peel's death, which shortly followed by a fall from his horse in 1850, he became, as he remained till 1887 with slight interruptions, the acknowledged leader of the party of reform and progress in England. In 1847 began that connection between him and his Alma Mater as one of the parliamentary representatives of the University, which was maintained with mutual pride and satisfaction for eighteen years, being severed only in consequence of his resolve to do Ireland the tardy justice of disestablishing and disendowing the English State Church in the island. When Oxford gave him up he was "unmuzzled," as he expressed it. His election for a Lancashire constituency in 1865 was hailed as a great national event. "Henceforward Mr. Gladstone will belong to the country, but no longer to the University," said the *Times*. "The loss to the University bids fair to be the gain to the people of England," said another leading paper. Ireland soon had occasion to rejoice in the fruits of his emancipation.

It was about this time that John Bright made his famous challenge in a speech delivered to his constituents at Birmingham. "Who," he asked, "is there in the House of Commons who equals him in knowledge of all political questions? Who equals him in earnestness? Who equals him in eloquence? Who equals him in courage and fidelity to his convictions? . . . If they [his adversaries] can point out any statesman who can add dignity and grandeur to the stature of Gladstone, let them produce him." Shortly after, he explained to a correspondent in New York city how he came to say of Jefferson Davis that he had created "an army, a navy, and a nation." "I must confess that I was wrong," he said with characteristic candor, "that I took too much upon myself in expressing such an opinion. Yet the motive was not bad. My sympathies were then — where they had long before been — with the whole American people. I probably, like many Europeans, did not understand the nature and working of the American Union. . . . . As far as regards the special or separate interest of England in the matter, I, differing from many others, had always contended that it was best for our interest that the Union should be kept entire."

After two years in opposition, during which time a Tory administration had been compelled to pass the Liberal Reform Bill he had advocated, considerably extending the franchise, Mr. Gladstone became Prime Minister for the first time. During this first administration, which lasted from December, 1868, to the begin-

ning of 1874, the Irish Church was disestablished, and it was an attempt to make other concessions to Irish claims and sentiment that brought his ministry prematurely to a close. After six years of Conservative rule he emerged from a brief retirement, though more than seventy years old, went to Scotland, made speeches in and around Edinburgh, roused the Scots, and through them the whole United Kingdom, the result being that the Conservatives with their powerful and compact following were not only swept from office, but threatened with annihilation, particularly beyond the Tweed.

Probably nothing in the history of the race has more strikingly illustrated the almost limitless power of a noble personality wielding the great gift of eloquent address and inspired by intense and absorbing conviction than Gladstone's "Midlothian Campaign." His victory brought a long stride of advancement for democracy in England, for before he left office in 1885 he had doubled the British electorate.

After one more brief period of power he retired from public life for good, to devote himself to literary and theological pursuits which always, even amid the multitudinous cares of official responsibility, had a strange fascination for him. Few classic scholars ever had a more intimate acquaintance with Greek, particularly Homeric literature. Few clergymen were ever so well equipped with theological and patristic lore. So charming was his elocution that the people of Chester and Liverpool were in the habit of traveling several miles on Sunday to hear him read the lessons in Hawarden Church. He once addressed ten thousand people in Athens in modern Greek. The distinguished French statesman, M. Clemenceau, was astonished at the fluency and idiomatic accuracy of his French. His knowledge of Italian enabled him during a short stay in Naples, in the winter of 1850-'51, to expose to the eyes of Europe the corruption and tyranny of the Neapolitan government, which had put hundreds of the country's ablest and most reputable citizens in filthy dungeons for alleged political offences. Much of the product of his pen is entitled to a first rank in the literature of the century. He probably never willingly wasted a moment. From a dull and wearisome debate in the House of Commons when he sat on the Treasury Bench he has been known to seek relief by translating Toplady's "Rock of Ages" into Greek verse. His noble wife used to say, half seriously, half facetiously, she only found an opportunity to talk to him when she sat with him at table at the home of some friendly family. A leading English journalist declared less than a year ago: "His voice will always carry more weight on any moral question than those of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and all the episcopate." Not soon will England see his like again.

The old adage, *Noblesse oblige*, may be variously rendered: Advantages are obligations; our privileges compel us; rank gives responsibility; birth means burden-bearing; a title is a tie; nobility imposes duty. None of these quite satisfy us. Perhaps some reader can suggest a better translation. But whatever form of words is chosen, the sentiment is worthy of all acceptance. And it need have no exclusive reference to orders of nobility contrived by man. God makes His own peers. We are children of the King. Where much is given, much will be required.

Dr. Parker of India upon the Epworth League

THE following communication, just received from Dr. E. W. Parker of India, is especially pertinent and apropos for this League issue. Few are the men in the church better entitled to express judgment in this matter. As he says, he has studied the subject thoroughly in this country as well as in India. He speaks as a hearty and zealous friend and helper of the League. He represents, too, the characteristic spirit and purpose of our Methodism at its best as an evangelizing force and power. The fragrance of his life and work pervades the home land not less than the foreign field. He writes because his heart is unspeakably burdened for the League, and because he feels that it must for its own sake and that of the church reach a larger measure of spiritual power and influence. It will be noted that his communication is in hearty sympathy and approval of our first editorial. If those at the head of the League movement had received that editorial in the spirit in which it was written, incalculable good would have come to the League and to the church. We earnestly hope that this urgent appeal of Dr. Parker may receive the consideration which it so richly deserves. He says: —

MR. EDITOR: We are so far away that our opinion must reach you after all the excitement is over; yet we wish to say a word on that Epworth League *work* and *responsibility*. First, we wish to say that we believe in the League. It is a grand institution, and our church cannot at all do without it unless we are willing to lose our young people. Being the president of our Central Conference League for all India, and an earnest worker in and for the League, what we have to say is for, not against, the League.

The League we must have — the weaknesses we do not need, but must work to remove them. Hence we rejoiced when your warning call reached India. It is timely, it is wise. During the past six years work of the church has twice called me to America, and East and West I visited and spoke at Epworth League meetings; I attended many camp-meetings, and spoke on the League days; so that I had excellent opportunities of studying the situation. I was pleased with the gatherings, delighted with the earnest prayers and clear testimonies, and yet there seemed in a great many instances a lack of a missionary spirit — by which I mean a zeal for saving sinners, an enthusiasm for reaching people *outside of the League circle*. There was a commendable desire to have a good meeting, but all for the League and its members. At camp-meetings speakers were called from a distance and delivered their carefully prepared essays to the good fathers and mothers in Israel who had come for a blessing; the most conspicuous thing about the meetings being the absence of the Leaguers. What a power those meetings could have been if the Leaguers and their young friends had been there to save souls! The conviction was, therefore, forced upon us that the League was not doing aggressive work for Christ and the church *to the extent that it might and ought to do*.

In returning from an evening meeting, anxious over this matter, I passed through a dark grove, and some one was in the grove playing a violin. The driver remarked, "He seems to be making music for himself." I said to myself, "This is the difficulty. The League is engaged too much in making music for itself." I afterwards often used this illustration, and many persons said, "It is so." The League cannot live if it tries to live for itself. Its sweet music will lose its beauty and charm if used only for itself. If our young people would live, they must organize and work to save all unsaved young people. No power in America can reach the Roman Catholics as the young people can. Are the Roman Catholics in the vicinity of these Leagues to be left untaught while you send missionaries to Italy and Mexico? Let the HERALD continue to call until the League shall become a mighty agency for men.

E. W. PARKER.

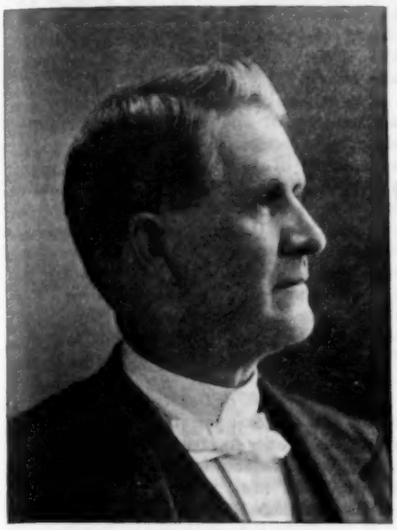
Bishops-Elect

IT will be seen by reference to our regular communication from the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, that three men received the requisite votes and were, therefore, elected. Dr. Hoss, who polled the largest vote on the first ballot, received 129 on the second, and became, in a legal sense, a Bishop-elect. It is fitting, therefore, to present his picture in the group. But as the Conference had previously voted to elect only two Bishops, Dr. Hoss declined to take advantage of the vote, and the next day the Conference re-elected him editor of the *Christian Advocate* by a practically unanimous vote.

BISHOP CANDLER

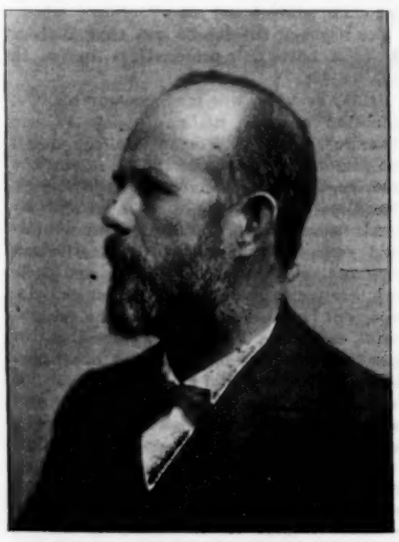
Warren A. Candler was born in Georgia in 1856. He was early brought to the saving knowledge of the truth, and entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, when twenty years of age. He soon achieved distinction for his wide and varied scholarship, lofty character, and brilliant oratory. He is a disciple of Bishop Haygood, and the great and good man lives mightily in such a follower. In 1886 he was made assistant editor of the *Christian Advocate* (Nashville), and two years later was elected president of his Alma Mater, Emory College. He has occupied this position for ten years, combining with great administrative ability wonderful magnetism as a teacher, having greatly developed its educational facilities, and added nearly a quarter of a million dollars to its resources. He was thirty-two years old when elected to the presidency of Emory. He is now forty-two years of age, and was elected on the second ballot, receiving on the first ballot 101 votes — but one less than the highest — and on the second 148, eight more than were given

to Dr. Morrison, and nineteen more than were given to Dr. Hoss.



BISHOP MORRISON

Henry Clay Morrison was born in Montgomery County, Tennessee, May 30, 1842. He was converted to God on Aug. 16, 1856, at the age of fourteen. He entered the ministry in September, 1865. He is self-educated, and by the help of an accomplished linguist has become quite a proficient in Latin, Greek and Hebrew. His first appointment was Millerstown Circuit, next Lancaster, then Bondstown Station, Elizabethtown Station, and Millerstown Station. The next twelve years were spent in Louisville, Ky. — four years in Shelby St., four years in Broadway, and four in Chestnut St. Church. After two years spent in Russellville, Ky., he was transferred to Atlanta, Ga., serving First Church in that city till the middle of the fourth year, when he was elected Missionary Secretary and put in the field, where he served four years and was then elected chief secretary, which office he has filled during the past four years. His *magnum opus* was the removal of the debt of $141,000 from the Missionary Society. This was done solely by personal influence and effort. He never presented the subject to a congregation, never referred to it in public or through the papers, until the work was accomplished; the secret of his success being that prompt, intuitive, heart-winning, magnetic personal force which comes from the fusion of intellect, heart and character.



REV. E. E. HOSS, D. D.

This distinguished journalist, editor of the *Christian Advocate*, Nashville, was born in Washington County, Tennessee, in April, 1849. Entering the ministry, he served several city churches in the South and as far West as San Francisco until 1876, when he was appointed professor of the college in Arlington, Va. After five years he became a professor in Emory and Henry College, Va. At the end of four years he entered the faculty of Vanderbilt University, and after five years of professorial service there, was, in 1890, elected editor of the *Christian Advocate*, the official organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. During these last eight years he has manifested the instinct of a great journalist, catholic in spirit as well as conservative, firm in his convictions, but tolerant of the views of others. He stands a giant among his fellows, of massive brain, of stalwart and well-proportioned frame, of ruddy countenance, quick-witted and richly gifted, a mighty writer, a skillful debater, a great church leader. He possesses something of that

> "Mystery of commanding,
> That birth-hour gift, that art-Napoleon
> Of winning, fettering, wielding, molding, banding,
> The hearts of millions till they move as one."

The *Advocate* challenges comparison with the best religious papers of the country. The Baltimore *Sun*, in referring to the event, says: "A splendid compliment was paid Rev. Dr. Hoss by his re-election to the editorship of the Nashville *Christian Advocate* by one hundred votes more than was necessary to a choice. When the result was announced the Conference applauded loudly. Rev. Dr. Hoss is regarded as one of the ablest men in the church, and by his character, ability and untiring energy has improved greatly the official organ of the church."

PERSONALS

— Bishop Warren and family arrived in Europe from South America last week.

— Hon. William S. Greene, of Fall River, is nominated for Congress in the 13th District, to succeed the late Congressman Simpkins.

— Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cook, who spent the winter at Newton Centre, have returned to their summer home at Cliff Seat, Ticonderoga, N. Y.

— Rev. Wesley O. Holway, D. D., Chaplain U. S. Navy, has been ordered from Newport to the receiving ship "Vermont," at the Navy Yard, New York.

— Rev. Dr. Daniel Dorchester, Jr., of Christ Church, Pittsburg, Pa., with his family, will spend his vacation at Cottage City, as he has done for several years.

— Prof. G. G. Bush, Ph. D., who has been spending the past year and a half at Eureka Springs, Ark., where he was much benefited, will spend the summer at Quincy.

— Through the efforts of Rev. Dr. G. E. Ackerman, of Grant University, the valuable library of the late Rev. Mason Gallagher has been presented to that institution.

— The many friends of the late Dr. W. N. Brodbeck will be comforted to learn that the family decided to bury him at Forest Hills Cemetery, this city. The interment was made a few days ago.

— The *Central Christian Advocate* says: "Mrs. Mary C. Nind thinks that the Christians who are not interested in foreign missions will probably get into heaven, but she feels sure they will live on a very narrow street — not on the boulevard, surely!"

— Rev. W. E. Woodward, pastor at Larned, Kan., has been appointed a chaplain in one of the Kansas Volunteer Regiments; and Rev. Frank C. Bruner, pastor of Paulina St. Church, Chicago, goes to the front as chaplain of the Third Regiment, Illinois National Guard.

— Rev. W. T. A. Barber has been chosen head master of Leys School, Cambridge, England, as the successor of the late Dr. W. F. Moulton.

— The *Midland Christian Advocate* of Minneapolis adorns the first page of its last week's issue with an excellent portrait of Rev. Dr. G. H. Bridgman, president of Hamline University.

— Bishop Taylor and Miss Jessie Ackerman, who has carried the white ribbon twice around the world, were the guests of a missionary congress held in Calvary Church, San Francisco, May 6, under the auspices of the California Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

— On July 4 there will be given at Prohibition Park, Staten Island, an international reception in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of John G. Woolley, and the tenth anniversary of his entrance into reform work.

— Bishop Newman has greatly improved in health since he went to Saratoga Springs. His physician recommended a Mediterranean trip, but he finds Saratoga so invigorating that he is inclined to remain there through the summer.

— The *Christian Register* of last week says: "Rev. Benjamin Fay Mills, once a famous and successful orthodox evangelist, has withdrawn from the presbytery at Albany, and has been received into the fellowship of the Unitarian Church."

— Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Charles B. Mitchell, of Hennepin Ave. Church, Minneapolis, leave, June 2, from New York, for a three months' tour through Norway, Sweden and Russia, in northern Europe. Dr. W. A. Quayle, Dr. Mitchell's intimate friend, will supply his pulpit a portion of the time.

— Hon. George M. Warren has been appointed collector of customs for the District of Castine, Maine, which comprises thirteen towns with a corps of deputies. Mr. Warren is an official member of our church in Castine, and takes deep interest not only in the Methodism of Maine, but in the church at large.

— The *California Christian Advocate* notes that Rev. C. J. Larsen, superintendent of our Alaska Mission, is in San Francisco for a few days. He expects to start for the interior of Alaska next week, and hopes to take four men with him for the coast work — Dyea, Skaguay, Fort Wrangel and Juneau. Mr. Larsen speaks well of the general resources of Alaska, and is confident that Territory will maintain a large permanent population.

— The *Northern Christian Advocate* of last week observes: "Rev. Marcus D. Buell, D. D., dean of the School of Theology of Boston University, addressed the students of Syracuse University at the close of chapel exercises on Tuesday morning, May 10, his theme being, 'Modern Methods of Defending the Faith.' He was heard with intense interest. During the Buffalo Itinerants' Club, last week, he delivered daily exegetical studies on Colossians."

— In the death of Rev. Dr. Joseph T. Duryea, which took place in this city, May 17, at the age of 64 years, there falls out of the Christian ministry one of the foremost thinkers and preachers of this generation. We often listened to him in his pulpit when he was pastor of the Central Congregational Church of Boston, and in special addresses upon the platform. In that day he was the peer of the ablest among us. He could think great thoughts easily and utter them with tremendous force. From this city he went to Omaha, and for years he occupied an unrivaled position in all that section as preacher and platform speaker. He was at the time of his decease, and had been for a few

years, pastor of the First Reformed Church, Brooklyn.

— Rev. T. E. Chandler, who was transferred into the New England Conference at its recent session, has been changed from Ayer to Ashburnham, to succeed Rev. W. W. Baldwin, whose death occurred May 1.

— Bishop and Mrs. Fowler and son, and Secretary and Mrs. J. W. Hamilton and son, will sail for Liverpool on the steamer "Canada" of the Dominion Line from the wharf in Charlestown, on Thursday morning, June 2, at 7.30 o'clock.

— Last week at the General Conference at Baltimore, on the fourth ballot, Rev. Dr. H. M. Du Bose, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Jackson, Miss., was elected general secretary of the Epworth League and editor of the *Epworth Era;* and Rev. Dr. J. J. Tigert was re-elected editor of the *Methodist Review.*

— Rev. Truman Carter, for forty years a member of the New Hampshire Conference, who has been living at Ipswich for about twelve months, was suddenly stricken in church service on Friday night, May 13, and fell in trying to go out. He died on the 19th. His funeral occurred on Saturday afternoon at the church, Rev. G. F. Durgin officiating, assisted by Rev. Edward Constant, Congregational, and Revs. J. W. Adams, D. C. Babcock and William Warren, from the New Hampshire Conference. Mrs. Carter, who is an invalid, survives her husband. A suitable memoir of this excellent and much-beloved superannuate will soon appear in our columns.

BRIEFLETS

A large amount of church news, already in type, and considerable editorial matter, is unavoidably crowded out of this issue.

Through the courtesy of Rev. S. E. Quimby, secretary of the New Hampshire Conference, a copy of the Minutes of the last session has been received.

We thank Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler for this urgent counsel which is just received: "Keep Methodism to its first intent as a great soul-winning army of Christ."

Dr. Hugh Johnston, of the First Church, Baltimore, presents, at our request, "Pen Pictures" of members of the General Conference now in session in that city. A more apt, discriminative and happy characterization of many men we have never read. Dr. Johnston has shown himself to be an adept in a most difficult art.

The *Springfield Republican* was right in saying, many days before the perfect safety of the "Oregon" was assured: "As the captain of the Oregon [Captain Clark] hails from the same State Dewey came from, there should be no further alarm for the safety of the big battleship."

"Don't exploit your doubts." In an age like the present, when it is popular to doubt, many people seem to take special pleasure in voicing their skepticism. There are prominent men in leading denominations whose staple conversation consists in stating their reasons for not believing in certain generally accepted theological tenets. There are ministers, too, who preach mainly concerning that which should not be believed. A very practical word to these iconoclasts of the faith would be: "Don't exploit your doubts." A statement or declaration consisting mainly of negations is nerveless and usually harmful. The average mind and conscience is eager for affirmative, believable truth. If there is anything that you really believe, hand it to the inquiring souls near you; but if you have only doubts, as Goethe said, "Keep them to yourself."

Boston University Quarter-Centennial and Commencement day program will be found on page 664.

The Boston *Journal* is gratifyingly apt and forceful in saying: "Thanks to Admiral Dewey, we are not at all in doubt about what part of the ocean the Spanish Pacific fleet occupies."

An unusually strong program is prepared for the annual convention of the North District Epworth League, which is to be held at the First Church, Union Square, Somerville, May 26. Besides other interesting speakers Bishop Mallalieu, Rev. Dr. S. A. Steel, late editor of the *Epworth Era*, and Rev. Dr. A. B. Kendig, will speak.

General Conference Adjourned

[Special Despatch to ZION'S HERALD].

Baltimore, May 24.

The thirteenth General Conference adjourned on Monday night last, after a short and pleasant session. No serious questions came before the Conference. The debates were brief and unexciting. Only a few changes were made in the Discipline. A commission was appointed for the next Ecumenical Conference in London. Fifty thousand dollars were appropriated to the publishing interests in China. The discussion over the new law requiring evangelists to work under authority was rendered piquant by a characteristic address of Rev. Sam. Jones. All the proceedings were harmonious and will result in the best interests of Methodism. The spirit of unity has been greatly promoted by the exchange of ministerial and social courtesies. The report of the Federation Commission was adopted with unanimity; denominational federation is an accomplished thing. Methodism may not be organically one for years, but there will be a union that is vital and fundamental. Co-operation will supplant hurtful competition; economies will be gained in our educational, missionary, and philanthropic agencies by joint administration. The days of suspicion, rivalry, and isolation are over.

HUGH JOHNSTON.

GENERAL CONFERENCE
OF THE
Methodist Episcopal Church, South
III

THE reception of Rev. Dr. W. S. Griffin, fraternal delegate from the Methodist Church of Canada, was one of the rare events of the Conference. Dr. Griffin is "at home" on the platform. He more than met the highest expectations in his address; he captured his audience with his first sentence, and never let them go; they were entirely *en rapport* with him. His humor was superabundant, but only served to brighten the sententious, thoughtful and suggestive utterances on a large variety of subjects. Dr. Hoss, the editor of the *Daily Advocate*, says of him in this address: "We record the general opinion of those present when we say that for robust common sense, for keen and subtle humor, and for deep and genuine spirituality, no finer utterance of the sort has ever been heard before any General Conference of our church." We regret that the only report of this wonderful address printed was from the manuscript provided by Dr. Griffin, as it contained but a fraction of his remarks, being but a general *résumé* of his thought; the quintessence of spontaneous, refined wit being utterly unpresented.

A large portion of the time of the Thursday morning session was taken up with a lucid, factful, scholarly presentation of the actual condition of China today, viewed by one who has dwelt in its limits for forty years. It was listened to with marked attention. Dr. Young J. Allen is thoroughly learned in Chinese literature, has translated many important books into that language, is an authority on the jurisprudence of the nation, and is on this account a man of profound influence on the literati and the higher officiary of the empire.

Bishop C. D. Foss was received by the Conference on Friday morning with evident high appreciation both by the Bishops and the delegates. He was introduced duly, and closed the session with the benediction. Drs. John Lanahan and O. A. Brown were also among the visitors.

A large part of the day's proceedings was a discussion of the term of the presiding elder, the question at issue being as to the advisability of allowing a Bishop to appoint a presiding elder to that office for more than eight years — four years consecutively on two districts. Great diversity of view was manifested. Dr. J. O. Keener, the son of the senior Bishop, made a powerful speech declaring that as soon as a man becomes a presiding elder there commences in him a process of disintegration — mental, spiritual, etc. This affirmation caused much feeling in the Conference.

Dr. Anson West, of Decatur, Ala., in reply, turned the tables upon Dr. Keener by saying: "Dr. Keener has been a presiding elder, and I suppose the law of disintegration worked upon him powerfully." He would not assume that Dr. Keener was demented by it, but had no doubt that the full force of that matter operated in his case. Dr. West defended most earnestly the presiding eldership, believing that "any Bishop we have, or any Bishop we will elect, will have wisdom enough and judgment enough when he finds that a man has become disintegrated to put him out; and that he will have authority and courage enough to do that very thing when it is necessary." He believed the Bishops should have authority to appoint presiding elders when they pleased, and for as long a time as they pleased. The suggestion having been made by one speaker that a presiding elder had no time for study, for becoming broad-minded, for prayer and spiritual growth, Dr. West said: "I repudiate the charge. Of all the men in the church — the Bishops possibly excepted — he has more need of prayer than anybody else, and he can pray everywhere and anywhere; he has more subjects of prayer to pray about."

J. B. McGehee, of Georgia, declared himself opposed to class legislation, and got off the following unique and perhaps characteristic statement: "Methodism, brethren, opens every position to every minister alike. We are called to be saints, we are called to be exhausters, locust preachers, circus riders, stationary preachers, presiding elders, giraffes, students at Vanderbilt University; and every position in the Church of God is open to every man, and I hold that the Conference has no right to discriminate against any class, against any man."

The result of the debate was that Bishops shall not have their prerogatives limited in this matter.

Friday evening was made memorable by a reception of the Bishops, delegates and other guests, at the Woman's College, under the personal direction of the president, the trustees, faculty and students of the College. Every hall was made most charming by floral decorations. The nearly three hundred young lady members of the institution were radiant in their best gowns and their own loveliness, becoming the escort of little groups of the guests in visiting the laboratories, recitation halls, the gymnasium, inspecting the swimming pool, and other portions of this great and model college for our daughters. Music, recitations, and the many amenities of student life served to make the evening most enjoyable.

Early in Saturday morning's session, Bishop Earl Cranston of our church was introduced to the Conference, being greeted most cheeringly. Later Bishop John F. Hurst was presented to the body, with a like reception.

By a report of the committee on Episcopacy, the salary of each Bishop, save the

[Continued on page 666.]

SETTIN' THE FLAGS

This ain't Joe Brown? It is? Why, Joe!
You're bent 'nd gray, 'nd go so slow
I thought 't 'twas some old man. But here—
Forgot I'd been away ten year!

I had to come, Joe. *Had* to come
For one more Thirtieth o' May,
To see the boys, 'nd help 'em some
In keepin' Decoration Day.

But whar ye bound fur this time, Joe?
To set the flags? We'll both on 's go
'Nd mark the end o' the march that's done,
'Nd call the roll o' the boys that's gone.

Say, Joe, you'n me have come so near
The still place where
They're camped, that we can almost hear
'Em answer their names from Over There!

Ther's just ten graves. I r'member 'em all—
Ten men that's answered detail call.
Five flags fur me, 'nd five fur you;
What's all the rest fur? Ten'll do;
'Nd whar's the rest o' the boys today?
Ther' should be twelve on's, countin' you.

I hope they ain't took to stayin' away?
That ain't the way they useter do!
'Tain't right! they all had orter come
To mark the graves fur 'Morial Day,
No matter 'f work is pushin' some!

Why, Joe! You're cryin'! What ails ye, Joe?
What's that? Good Lord! That can't be so!
All dead but us? Why, Joe — But thar,
That couldn't be, outside o' war.

Did fall in battle? Yes — you're right.
We've all been in a long, hard fight.
They fell in battle. Yes, that's so!
'Nd that's the way we've got to go.
An', Joe, I'll bet
Not one o' them boys ever let
The colors outen 'is sight.

Well, Joe. We've got these flags to set;
Here's ten fur me 'nd ten you keep.
There's two of us is wakin' yet
To stan' guard over them that sleep!
But which of us two, Joe, d'ye s'pose
Will set the flag fur the next that goes?

— *James C. Purdy.*

QUADRICENTENNIAL OF SAVONAROLA'S MARTYRDOM

REV. H. HEWITT.

FOUR centuries ago on a bright May morning — the 23d of the month — Savonarola and his two companions in martyrdom perished at the hands of the representatives of the mystical Babylon. There exists an old picture of the Piazza of the City of Flowers as it then appeared. On the right is seen the Palazzo Publico with its stately Tower of the Vacca. On the left rises the noble structure of the Duomo, or Cathedral, adorned by the graceful Campanile of Giotto. A little further, on the same side, is seen the old Church of the Baptistry whose famous doors Michael Angelo declared "worthy to be the gates of Paradise." The Piazza is itself a lively scene. Mounted guards are stationed here and there at intervals. Groups of citizens are seen vehemently discussing the question of the hour. Monks of San Marco look mournfully on. From the Signorial palace a platform runs out into the middle of the square. At its extremity, opposite the Cathedral, a fierce fire burns, towards which men are carrying large fagots. A procession is in progress toward those devouring flames; it is the procession of the doomed.

Bishop Romolino — a man of the type of Alexander Borgia who commissioned him for this task — did not tear the monastic robe from the shoulders of the Prior of San Marco on that memorable May morning without signs of nervous agitation. And when with tremulous tone and confused manner he declared the victim of Florentine caprice and Borgian vengeance "separated from the church militant and triumphant," it was the voice to which Florence had listened with unparalleled awe and reverence, at which she had trembled, wept, prayed and done works meet for repentance, burning her vanities, reforming her morals, reconstructing her whole legislative, administrative and judicial system after a Christian model and avowedly proclaiming Christ her King (*Viva Gesu Cristo Nostro Re*), that exclaimed: "From the church militant, yes; but from the church triumphant, no; that is not yours to do."

Hierarchal Rome, no more infallible today than she was when four centuries ago she sent the Prior of San Marco and his companions to Paradise in a chariot of fire, though much more closely observant of public sentiment and more susceptible to its pressure, wavers as to whether it would be right to bless the man whom a former occupant of her chief seat excommunicated, cursed and burned alive. But this hesitation of judgment as to the character, mission and work of the greatest Italian of any age, except perhaps Dante Alighieri, exists nowhere outside the counsels of the Papacy. And it is a question whether Rome would not gain more by frank revision and reversion of a wrong judgment several centuries old than by obstinately opposing for consistency's sake her false doctrine of authority to the still more obstinate facts of accepted history.

Historically, Savonarola was a Florentine, but the honor of his nativity is claimed by Ferrara, where he was born in September, 1452. The son of a poor physician, one of a large family, he was intended for his father's profession; but from the first his face was set in another direction. His mood was pensive and melancholy. The evils of an age in which "every familiar human crime with which we are acquainted in these latter days stood out in rampant breadth of color and shameless openness" oppressed him. The age of Lorenzo de' Medici, though all that its admirers have declared it to be intellectually, was a morally hopeless period, "full of debauchery, cruelty and corruption, violating oaths, betraying trusts, believing in nothing but Greek manuscripts, coins and statues, caring for nothing but pleasure." It was dominated, in Florence at any rate, by "a man of superb health and physical power" who could give himself up to debauch all night without interfering with his power of working all day, and whose mind was so versatile that he could sack a town one morning and discourse upon the beauties of Plato the next. In his "Ruina de Mundi" Savonarola has given us in a few bold and vivid strokes a picture of his times

> . . . "in wild confusion lost
> The very depth and essence lost
> Of all good ways and every virtue bright;
> Nor shines one living light
> Nor one who of his vices feels the shame."

Over this condition of things he mused "in solitary places in the open fields or along the green banks of the Po," singing, weeping, and praying by turns. Leaving Ferrara in 1475, he sought admission to the University of Bologna whence, after seven years of vain endeavor to bring back learning and study to Christian simplicity, he repaired to Florence, pleased, as Prof. Villari informs us, "with the fair country, the purer language, the higher civilization of the people, and with the saintly associations which the blessed Antonio had left so fresh and fragrant."

At first the Florence he was destined to move, mold and conquer by "the foolishness of preaching;" above the greatest of whose crowd of saints, artists, heroes, statesmen, he was to rise, along with Dante, head and shoulders; with whose history, fame and fortunes his name was to become indissolubly associated, had no use for him. When he began to preach in San Lorenzo there were hardly a score of persons to listen. As other places, like Brescia, and little San Gemignano among the hills, showed more appreciation, Florence was abandoned in disgust. Lorenzo, however, was induced by his courtiers to recall a man who had only left Florence to acquire a growing fame elsewhere. Instead of finding him an average sample of the many geniuses of that brilliant age, as he expected, he found himself confronted by a superior nature — confessing himself astonished and awed by his independence and tortured by his undiscriminating fidelity. "A stranger has come to live in my house," he said, "and he refuses to come and see me." Savonarola was elected Prior of San Marco, which almost owed its existence to the generosity of Cosmo de Medici. When Lorenzo sought the friendship of the great monk, it was like sailing northward toward the pole. "Lorenzo is walking in the garden," anxiously observed the fathers of the convent when after mass the ruler of Florence lingered around. "Has he asked for me?" "No." "Then let him take his walk in peace," said the unworldly prior, who had no homage or affection but for penitent sinners, indubitable saints and happy little children.

In spite of Politian's omission of the incident from his account of Lorenzo de' Medici's last hours, the story has a verisimilitude entitling it to credence that after once flatly refusing to visit the great despot's death-bed, Savonarola, yielding to pressure, went, and demanded as a condition of absolution (1) that the penitent profess "a great and living faith that God can and will pardon him," (2) "that everything wrongfully acquired be restored to its proper owners," (3) "that freedom and her popular government according to republican usage, be restored to Florence." To the first two of these a ready consent was given with the eternal world within hailing distance. At mention of the last Lorenzo turned his face in silence to the wall and died unabsolved.

It was not until after Lorenzo's death that the power of Savonarola culminated in Florence, and the people stood awed and amazed in thousands, in the spacious cathedral area and in the extemporized galleries listening to his words as if the angel Gabriel spoke. During his two years of domination Florence was ruled from heaven and Christ was avowedly accepted as King. But the experiment

was never an assured success, and while Savonarola's reputation as reformer, orator and saint is undeniably high and unassailably secure, his fame as a statesman and practical politician is precarious and doubtful, giving some point to the sarcasm of Cosino de' Medici that "States are not governed by pater-nosters." "Christian socialism" is not a modern fad. It collapsed in Florence after fair trial four centuries ago. Is it succeeding better now?

Wilton, Me.

PEN PICTURES OF THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, D. D.

THE 46 or more Annual Conferences of the M. E. Church, South, are represented in the Quadrennial Conference by 272 delegates, one half of whom are laymen. They are all picked men, not commonplace or limited, but exceptionally able and strong — the best representatives of Southern Methodism.

We cannot help characterizing, describing and estimating the men whom we meet, and, as I have had delightful opportunities of intercourse with many of these delegates, I have concluded to throw off some rapid portraits, a few pen-and-ink sketches, from this galaxy of gifted compeers in this great ecclesiastical assembly. Being only a novice, not a master of character-painting, these are not speaking portraits, but only quick, rough strokes. Great artists begin their portrait-painting with the study of anatomy, and so build up their best pictures from the inside of their subjects; our work is from the outside, therefore largely from appearance.

What a variety of forms and features in such a body of men! Yet there is a more endless variety of Christian character represented by these diversified forms of the outward man.

> "O wad some power the giftie gie us,
> To see ourscls as ithers see us!"

But who can sketch the real inward life? One can no more paint a soul than he can paint the heat of a fire or the fragrance of a flower.

Suppose we begin with the General Conference platform. The senior Bishop is John C. Keener, a venerable man of commanding presence, his massive head covered with thick gray hair, with an imperial forehead, eyes large and lustrous with heavy eyebrows. He has exercised a profound influence over the church, is admired for his rare genius, loved for his noble qualities of heart, and revered for his long and devoted service, his beautiful and sanctified character. When, at the beginning of the session, over fourscore years of age, he rose to ask relief from his episcopal duties, his own voice faltered as he alluded to his fifty-six years of service, twenty-eight of which had been in the episcopal chair, and a hush fell upon the assembly, while many were dissolved in tears. It was a touching scene. He is full of humor. When introduced to him he said, "I have been in your church and touched all the buttons in the pulpit, but I could not find one for calling up a sermon." Ah, Bishop, that is indeed the first need of preachers when in the pulpit!

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The retirement of Bishop Keener makes Bishop Wilson the senior Bishop. He also was born in Baltimore, where he resides. He is a Boanerges, his voice powerful and sepulchral, his brain massive, logical and convincing in argument, a ripe scholar and a profound theologian. His strength lies in expository preaching. He is one of America's best scholars in New Testament Greek, and his entire library is built around the interpretation of the New Testament.

Who is that rather frail-looking Bishop of light complexion with brown hair and beard, wearing glasses, with diffident manner and the stoop of the scholar? It is John Cowper Granbery, who served as chaplain in the Confederate army and was wounded in the battle around Richmond. He was a professor in Vanderbilt University when elected Bishop in 1882. He is of amiable disposition and great approachableness, of spotless and saintly character, wise in counsel, exact in thought, and has an exquisite way of putting things.

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The Bishop who prepared and read the Episcopal Address was Robert Kennon Hargrove, the only member of the college elected by a General Conference of which he was not a member. He also wears glasses and is a compact man bodily and mentally, well-poised and well-balanced, a fine administrator and man of affairs. He was a member of the Cape May Commission as well as of the last Commission on Federation. He is related to William McKendree, our fourth General Superintendent, and so is in the apostolic succession. His address bore a striking resemblance to that of Bishop Warren's in its breadth and comprehensiveness, its elevation of thought and felicity of diction. His voice was clear and sustained throughout the entire address.

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That scholarly-looking and gentlemanly-mannered, urbane and somewhat delicate-featured Bishop is William Wallace Duncan, born at Randolph-Macon University, son of a college professor, and was himself a professor in Wofford College when elected Bishop in 1886. He belongs to a family of ministers; and his elder brother was Dr. James A. Duncan, the first fraternal messenger to our church after the war. The Bishop has not the peerless eloquence of that gifted brother, but he is cultured and capable, and remarkable for his strong clear statements of truth.

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Who is that neat, stately form, of bright, clear eye, his black locks and full beard just tinged with gray? It is Charles Betts Galloway, of Mississippi, the Apollos of the South. He has the warm rhetorical temperament and is essentially a preacher and orator, but he is also a wise administrator and sagacious statesman, a lovable and pure-spirited man. I have heard him at his best, notably his memorable address before the British Conference, likened in its effect to the overwhelming demonstration given to Bishop Simpson. His fine imagination, charming diction, tender, heart-winning manner, and striking, impressive delivery, make him the peer of our greatest platform speakers, and he holds thousands entranced by his impassioned eloquence.

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Near him sits a middle-aged man of grave yet commanding aspect, with closely-cut hair, round head, high forehead and open countenance, in which you mark the penetrating glance of his keen black eyes and the unobtrusive strength of his mouth, all suffused over with an attractive grace and sweetness. That is Bishop Eugene R. Hendrix, a perfectly rounded man, his spirit delightful, his information wide; gifted in the art of conversation, safe in counsel, a profound scholar, an able church leader and a great preacher. His speech before the mass meeting of Epworthians and Endeavorers, on "The Coming Man," was thoughtful and eloquent, racy and humorous, and touched the highest water-mark for clearness and finish, grace and beauty, power and effectiveness. He was educated at Union Theological College, accompanied Bishop Marvin to China in 1876, and was president of Central College, Missouri, when called to the episcopal chair in 1886.

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That stanch, solid-looking man, so well-preserved in the sixties, with full gray beard trimmed down at the sides, is Bishop Joseph Staunton Key, of Georgia — a man of uprightness and straightforwardness, intelligence and independence, doing all his work thoroughly and well. He is what would be called in the old slavery days a "field hand;" he was never a college president or connectional editor, but was taken out of the pastorate and presiding eldership.

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The youngest Bishop on the Board, though in age nearly threescore years and ten, is Oscar P. Fitzgerald, poet, humorist, writer, preacher. He may be described as the traveler who visited the Delectable Mountains describes Knowledge — "spare in build, high of forehead, his tranquil quiet touched with abstractedness." He was for several years State superintendent of public instruction in California, and was editor of the *Christian Advocate* (Nashville) when elected in 1890. He is warm-hearted, courteous and gentlemanly, a Christian Great Heart. His humor abounds even in the pulpit. He preached in the First M. E. Church a sermon of exquisite tenderness and catholicity; his face is cheery as a sunbeam and his spirit as devout, tender and trustful as "the disciple whom Jesus loved."

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The secretary of the Conference is Dr. J. J. Tigert, his smooth, rotund face reminding you of Mr. John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia. He describes himself as fat, fair, and forty. A young man of great gifts and attainments, his success as editor of the Southern *Review* has been phenomenal. His voice is clear and ringing. He is a competent and consummate secretary. Never caught napping, his eyes and ears are always on the alert. In the routine of business he calls in order the Conferences and promptly disposes of memorials, petitions, and appeals. He married the daughter of Bishop McTyeire and has in him the timber for a Bishop.

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Before leaving the platform let us notice some of the visitors. The first to be introduced to the Conference was the venerable Chaplain Milburn of the Senate, for many years a member of the Alabama Conference and therefore personally known to the majority of the delegates, revered and beloved by all.

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Who is that stalwart, broad-built man, his massive head covered with iron gray hair, and abundant humor lurking behind those gold-rimmed spectacles? It is Dr. W. H. Griffin, fraternal delegate from the Methodist Church of Canada, whose reception was a perfect ovation and whose fraternal address was pronounced by Dr. Lanahan to be one of the finest that he had ever listened to, although he had a difficult rôle to fill as the successor of such representatives as Drs. Douglas, Briggs and Sutherland.

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There sits another fraternal delegate of delicate mold, refined face, noble forehead, who looks at you with a radiant smile upon his face. It is Dr. W. T. Davison, of the British Wesleyan Conference, a profound, philosophical and scientific theologian, a thinker and writer whose published works are the fruits of devout and mature study, and whose most recent volume, "The Christian Interpretation of Life," is a re-statement of the eternal Gospel verities in terms of modern thought. He has not yet addressed the Conference, for he was taken ill just after his arrival in Baltimore; but he preached one of his admirable sermons in the First M. E. Church on Sabbath morning last, when the sentences dropped like gems from his lips, reminding one of Cardinal Manning in the days of his pulpit power. The home Conference has given dignity and distinction to itself in sending such

a representative to the great church of the Southland.

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Another delegate, whose bearing is dignified and becoming, his bright, genial face known to every Epworth Leaguer in the land, is Dr. Berry, the gifted editor of the *Epworth Herald;* and beside him sits the orm of an Apollo, the orator of the House of Representatives, Hon. J. P. Dolliver, himself the son of a Methodist preacher. These are the representatives from our own church to the Church South.

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Moving about freely both on the platform and on the floor of the House is a fine, portly specimen of flesh and blood who dresses in ministerial style, and is known to every one. It is Dr. Barbee, the senior book agent, whose great energy and business ability have brought the Publishing Establishment to a high pitch of prosperity. He has a pleasant expression of countenance, but he is a positive character, and when in a belligerent mood he preaches, as Sam Jones says, "with mud on his horns."

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Dr. D. C. Kelly is an interesting personality, a many-talented man, who takes an active part in Conference proceedings, and is a vigorous debater. When a delegate to the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada in Montreal, his locks were black as the raven's wing, but now his hair and long whiskers are iron-gray. He has been a missionary secretary, and takes a deep and abiding interest in the missionary affairs of the church.

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One of the most patriarchal-looking men is Dr. Young J. Allen, of the China Mission Conference. For forty years a missionary, he is in perfect health and fullness of spirits, and his white hair and flowing beard give him a striking resemblance to our Bishop Taylor. He wields great influence in the East, and no higher tribute to his work and worth could be given than when the Conference gave two hours from its morning session to a hearing of his clear and comprehensive statement of the Eastern question in its bearing upon missionary work.

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The patriarch of the Conference is Dr. Andrew Hunter, the Nestor of Arkansas Methodism, who was a member of the Conference of 1844 when the separation took place. He and one other are the only two living ministers who attended that Conference. Eighty-four years of age, hale and hearty, he has a genuine Irish face, full of good humor and sagacity. He is cleanshaven, with a strong, well-formed nose, prominent lower jaw, firm mouth and chin, and little keen eyes which look out from heavy, overshadowing eyebrows. As one looks at the old gentleman with his cheery, wrinkled face, blanched cheeks and whitened hair, he thinks of some knotted, sturdy, weather-beaten oak that has stood many a storm and still flourishes in old age.

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Who is that thin, wiry, dark-haired, sallow-complexioned but gentlemanly-looking man? It is Dr. James Atkins, of Western North Carolina, the son of an eminent minister, one of the brainiest men in the Conference. He is fine in debate. In the discussion over the Epworth League he told the story of a merchant who was greatly taken with the motto, "If you don't see what you want, ask for it," and determined to have it copied; but the copy read, "If you don't see what you want, ask for something else." Two years ago he was called from the presidency of the Ladies' College at Asheville to take charge of the Sunday-school publications, and has thrown such energy and enthusiasm into the work that the circulation of the eight periodicals increased 50,000 the first year and 53,000 the second; so that now there are 125,000 more subscribers to them than there are Sunday school scholars.

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One of the most attractive characters of the Conference is Dr. J. C. Simmons, of California, greatly beloved, one of the oldest delegates, but wide-awake, active in all church work, and a warm supporter of the Epworth League. He has a pleasant face, but his nose is a leading article, a regular Bartlett pear; in fact, one of the peaks of the California Coast Range is called "Simmons' Nose."

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A stately and comely gentleman is Dr. W. T. Palmore, of St. Louis, finely endowed by nature and richly cultured by study and extensive travel. As an editor he wields a facile pen, his editorials being fresh and brilliant; and as a preacher he is popular and powerful. Full of sweet and noble gallantry, he is nevertheless an old bachelor.

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Dr. Paul Whitehead is not misnamed. He is the great parliamentarian of the assembly and his speeches are always clear, pertinent and forceful.

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The General Conference has in it no more saintly spirit than Dr. A. Coke Smith, of Virginia. There is nothing striking in his appearance. He is dark in complexion, with a low forehead and little brown eyes, but they are windows of a soul truly great and good. He is what Jonathan Edwards called Thomas Boston — "that truly great divine," because he was a truly great pastor. Dr. Smith bears the distinguishing mark of a New Testament minister in that he is not only an able, studious and eloquent man, but a true shepherd and bishop of souls. His great popularity has not affected his simplicity of character.

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We have not time to sketch Dr. W. B. Murrah, chairman of the reception committee, of cultured manner, and great versatility; Dr. J. R. Brooks, of North Carolina, a gentleman weighing 260 pounds, with a striking face and the brow of a Titan; Dr. John H. Dye, of Arkansas, of splendid physical proportions, with abundant moustache and thick black hair tinged with gray, for years the head of the Galloway Female College and president of the National Association of Teachers for the Blind; Dr. J. O. Keener, son of the Bishop, affable, entertaining, but self-assertive, who speaks with tremendous vim, and who brought down upon him the fire of the house for declaring that the presiding elder system worked upon the man a process of disintegration that was ruinous to his threefold nature; Dr. Collins Denny, professor of ethics in Vanderbilt University, small in stature but high-souled in wisdom, dignity and stability of character; Dr. John R. Deering, of Lexington, Ky., of medium height, but sprightly in manner and a fine preacher; Dr. G. W. Young, of the same State, who used a Kentucky figure of speech when he said that he was not prepared to endorse the report concerning the W. C. T. U. — "No, not by a jug-full;" and John J. Lafferty, the humorist of the Conference, a genius in his way, a square-built man, wearing a gray-brown suit, a little cadaverous-looking but a splendid newspaper man, and full of nobleness of character.

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But what of the laymen? Shall we have no pictures of them? We make the answer of the chairman of the local committee of arrangements, Mr. Magruder, who when asked if the photographer who was to take the members of Conference wanted laymen replied, "Of course he does. He wants something to set off the other pictures."

At the head of the list we place Rev. Sam. Jones, who has been sent to the Conference from Georgia as a lay delegate. He was called away at the beginning by the illness of his daughter, and so has not been heard much in the deliberations; but he is looking well and is the same inimitable character. He calls himself "tallow-faced," his hair is tinged with gray, but he has the same kind eye, and is as original and individualistic as ever. An old Negro who had gone to hear him was asked, "Uncle Peter, how did you like Sam. Jones?" "Well, Massa, when Mr. Jones preaches from the Bible he ain't no better than any other preacher; but when he gets outside of the Scriptures he is the greatest preacher I ever heard."

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Robert Magruder, of Baltimore, is a young looking delegate, of fine social position, good manners, an excellent business man, and has been unwearied in his courtesy and attention to the delegates and visitors.

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That giant frame with broad face, cleanshaven, and large, bald head, is Col. E. W. Cole, a great railway magnate of Nashville. He is a man of large means and generous in his benefactions. He has just given $50,000 to establish in his own city the Randall-Cole Industrial School. He is the president of the Board of Missions and one of the princes in the Southern Israel.

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It was Parson Adams who was wont to say, "A schoolmaster is the greatest of men, and I am the greatest of schoolmasters." The teaching profession is well represented here. Who is that genial, self-possessed gentleman of medium size, smooth-shaven, with sharp eye, quick speech, and attractive address? It is Dr. W. W. Smith, president of Randolph-Macon University, with its system of colleges. He is a man of great force, fertility and refinement of mind, earnest of purpose, with a genius for organization, and has done more for Southern education than perhaps any other man.

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President James H. Carlyle, of Wofford College, is another Doctor of Laws — a successful teacher and educationist; tall, dignified, quiet, spiritual; seventy years of age, but full of life and activity, and mighty in the Scriptures.

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The Chancellor of Vanderbilt University, James H. Kirkland, is about forty-five years of age, small and slender, but of rare force of character, administering the business affairs of the college ably, and magnetic as a teacher.

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Professor Baskerville is large and handsome, weighing in the neighborhood of two hundred pounds, is married to a daughter of Bishop McTyeire, and has before him a career of great usefulness.

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J. W. Jordan, of Eastern Tennessee University, Knoxville, has also a good physique and a fine classic face.

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B. G. Marsh, of Mexico, is good looking and able, and is engaged in educational work in Monterey.

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John T. Branch, a quiet layman, is a prominent banker of Richmond, Virginia.

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John L. Wheat, of Louisville, Ky., is a spare, thin-visaged man with iron-gray hair and a sharp eye, devoted to church life and work, and is chairman of the Board of Church Extension.

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J. R. Pepper, of Memphis, a short, stout, dark man, with beard trimmed close and kindly eye, is the chairman of the Sunday-school committee, and the most successful Sunday-school man in the South.

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Judge J. P. Strother, of California, chairman of the committee on publishing interests, has been in several General Conferences and

takes an active part in the discussions. He is a little below the average height, with sandy whiskers and bright eye. He never forgets any of the courtesies of the gentleman.

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The Conference has one Duke — B. N. Duke, of Durham, N. C. — and he is a millionaire. He is small of stature, about forty-five years of age, a tobacco merchant and cotton factor who has recently given half a million dollars to Trinity College, Durham. His father, like himself, is something of a wag. Traveling in the Old Land, a chair of state was shown him in a certain palace, when he observed, "As I am Duke of Durham I think I will sit down in it." At once hats were doffed and the most obsequious respect was shown the American Duke of Durham, N. C.

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Though I have not exhausted my subjects I have more than exhausted your space, and so I conclude, regretting that I have been able to do such scant justice to the character and services of these honored brethren who occupy such high positions in the church of the Southland.

Baltimore, Md.

BLESSINGS OF MEMORIAL DAY

THERE is no more tender and significant anniversary in the list of our national holidays than Memorial Day. There is none other like it in the calendar of the world's great family of nations. They have their religious and national celebrations and observances, but a day commemorating "a great national sacrifice," honoring both its living and its dead heroes, is not observed by any other country of the globe.

The reason of this is plain. In no other land has just such a war been fought as that in our country which brought brother against brother for the vindication of a holy principle and in support of national unity; such a war as that terrible civil war of ours whose shadow yet lingers over the long since deserted hearthstones and broken families, in the anguish of weeping wives, sisters and daughters whose sobs are heard across the years.

The origin of Memorial Day was the outcome of a tender and sympathetic action. It was the women of the South who first inaugurated the beautiful custom of decorating with flowers of spring and early summer the graves of dead soldiers. Their kindly example was followed in other States, and the practice became popular in every part of the Union. The commemoration became so general and spontaneous that the Grand Army of the Republic fixed upon May 30 as a regular day for the beautiful and solemn ceremony of decorating the graves of dead soldiers of war. In thirty States and Territories Memorial Day is a legal holiday. In Georgia and Alabama, where the flowers bloom earlier, April 26 is the appointed day; May 10 is legal Memorial Day in North Carolina; in the Southern States a day in April is generally chosen.

Memorial Day stands among the holiest of the days we celebrate. The thoughts it awakes are of the unselfish and the brave. It recalls the self-sacrificing devotion to a great sentiment and to a high moral principle which led the heroes of '61 to lay down their lives. Such thoughts carry with them great inspiration and high incentive.

But Memorial Day confers other benefits than a stirring of patriotism. The solemn and tender custom of carrying the lovely flowers, emblems of peace, purity, hope and triumph, to place upon the graves of departed heroes; the honors paid to the surviving veterans who would have gladly given their lives also at their country's call; the uplifting words that are uttered; the earnest prayers and beautiful songs that arise, all lift the mind and heart heavenward and make the day a veritable holy-day. It is well for us, both old and young, to be receptive of the high and holy impulses of the day and its sacred memories, and not to let it pass away in the evanescent amusements of a summer holiday.

Memorial Day is hallowed, solemn and elevating. Yet it need not be a day of gloom, although its primary purpose is serious and uplifting. Each year its observance should grow more reverent, more sincere, and more inspiring, if we wish it to continue as a holy-day, and not to be perverted from its original purpose and fall into ultimate disuse. We cannot afford to lose Memorial Day from our great days. We cannot afford to do without its blessed influence in the purpose by which it was ordained to uplift and inspire.

A great blessing came to our nation in the spirit of forgiveness which Memorial Day has stimulated. It has aided as nothing else could in softening the bitterness of the fray, and by its tender ministrations has bridged the chasm which the armed powers of war could not obliterate between the North and the South. Sectional feeling has died away, partly through lapse of time, but greatly under the influence of our holy and helpful anniversary. The day has frequently been the occasion of fraternal reunions in the joint decoration of the graves of both the "blue" and the "gray." These meetings have awakened brotherly sentiment in hearts at variance. They are now reunited, as events of the past weeks have shown, when the young strength of the Southern States is standing shoulder to shoulder with the flower of Northern manhood in a righteous war. The scars of the Civil War are completely healed. The impulse of Memorial Day has been "to seal forgiveness with forget-me-nots."

Greatest of all the blessings derived from our observance of Memorial Day is that it appears as the anniversary of "snowy mantled peace," whose beneficent presence is the stability and prosperity of a nation. With the advent of Memorial Day martial music ceased; the blaze of battle faded out of the sky; the cannon's dull roar was silenced; room was made for

"Gentle peace in Freedom's hallowed shade."

During twoscore years our land has progressed in might and material wealth and taken a pre-eminent and unique position among the nations of the earth. Peace has been our portion, and peace, though temporarily disturbed by the present war with Spain, will inevitably return to hallow and bless the nation. The desire for peace has grown too strong and is too deeply rooted and enshrined in the hearts of the people to suffer any permanent impairment. Yet it is not to be overlooked that war is a disturbing element. It awakens the restless desire to enter upon territorial conquest, fostering national pride and boastfulness. This fact calls for greater effort on the part of peace-loving citizens, as long as this war shall last, to do their utmost to restrain the re-creation of warlike instincts.

As we go forth on our coming Memorial Day, if peace be not already returned to bless us, our prayers will ascend to the God of battles for the brave men who have enlisted in the struggle for the triumph of principles against usurpation and injustice, while our hearts and ears will be attuned to welcome the first note of the bugles' sound which will herald "the truce of God to the whole world forever."

Sons of the best of fathers, will ye falter,
With all they left ye perilled and at stake?
Ho! once again on Freedom's holy altar
The fire awake!

Prayer-strengthened for the trial, come together,
Put on the harness for the moral fight,
And, with the blessing of your Heavenly Father,
Maintain the right!

— *Whittier.*

Enduring Patriotism

LOYALTY, patience, and slow-burning enthusiasm are now in order. The theatrical pantomime and the tableau representing easy victory no longer excite hysterical applause. The gayety of war has passed. The holiday aspect has vanished. We have lost a few precious lives, and tears begin to flow. But without despondency we must be prepared to lose scores of gallant men, then hundreds, and then thousands, before the war is over. That is what war means; and, while it is going on, we must be patient with our President and his cabinet, with our brave commanders and heroic men on land or sea, whether their achievements keep pace with our hopes or not. — *Christian Register.*

A Prayer in Time of War

O LORD of Hosts, in whose hands are all the counsels and events of earth in this hour of our nation's trial, we appeal to Thee! We praise Thee for what Thy help has enabled us already to achieve, and we beseech Thee that in war and battle we may always be the instruments of Thy judgment and Thy righteousness. Grant us deliverance from disaster, and, if it please Thee, glorious and enduring victory. Bless especially with grace and wisdom Thy servant the President of the United States, the commander of our armies. Preserve our ships upon the sea and our soldiers on the land. Purify our nation's life that we may be more worthy of Thy favor. Keep our hearts from pride and cruelty, and our lips from boasting. Let us not go forth to battle as those who are greedy of gain or honor, not in hatred, or in love of strife, but in desire of justice, and as helpers of the weak. In all experiences through which Thou makest us to pass may the assurance of Thy rule in the affairs of men be our confidence and consolation. Remember the wounded and the sick, and those who are appointed to die, and make them sharers of Thy kingdom. Strengthen us for all endurance; and especially sustain and comfort those who mourn for the dead. Deny us not Thy swift decision in mercy, both to us and to our enemies, and may the coming of Thy kingdom bring all cruelties and jealousies, all strife and hatred, to a speedy and eternal end. Through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen! — *Congregationalist.*

THE FAMILY

MY KNIGHTS

N. A. M. ROE.

My kingdom a tiny cottage,
My realm is a heart of love,
My domain a quiet orchard
With the sunny skies above.
My revenue all of kisses,
My navy a painted boat
That sails on the bath-tub ocean —
The finest vessel afloat.
My knights carry shield and banner,
A peaked hat and a gun;
Was ever such fine equipment
All glittering in the sun?
"Forward!" and "Charge!" till the twilight
Falls over the battlefield,
And all is peace in the valley,
At rest are the guns and shield.

—

Poor queen of a lonely kingdom!
For the years have fled away;
The golden dream of a lifetime
Is lost in the shadow's gray.
The wind tossed the moaning orchard,
The morning sun clouded o'er,
A flash from the smoke of battle —
Death opened my cottage door.
They lie in the sunny valley,
My knights, and the laurel green
Is close to a drooping banner,
While I — a desolate queen.

Worcester, Mass.

Thoughts for the Thoughtful

"O lift high our banner! And long may it be
An emblem of blessing on land and o'er sea."

* * *

God grant that as our horizon of duty is widened our minds may widen with it; that as our burden is increased our shoulders may be strengthened to bear it.— *Dean Stanley.*

* * *

No work is of small consequence to the workman. A tin cup may be bought for a penny, but if it is made in a slovenly manner a million pennies will not repay the workman for what he expended on it. No man can by carelessness mar anything in its making without marring his own character also. He that would do his best for his character must do his best in everything he undertakes. — *Sunday School Times.*

* * *

O land of lands, to thee we give
Our love, our trust, our service free;
For thee thy sons shall nobly live,
And at thy need shall die for thee.

— *Whittier.*

* * *

We stack arms, the bayonet of our Northern gun facing this way, the bayonet of the Southern gun facing the other way, and as the gray of the morning melts into the blue of the noon, so the typical gray and blue of old war times have blended at last, and they quote in the language of King James' translation without any revision: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." . . . We shall never have another war between North and South. The old decayed bone of contention has been cast out.—*T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D.*

* * *

The number of those who attend Memorial services is thinning out, so far as parents and kindred are concerned. There are glorious reunions on the "other shore," constantly blotting out remembrances of hard afflictions suffered on earth. The melancholy associations of Memorial Day are softened and mellowed by the retreating shadows of those troublous days, whose dire experiences gave rise to this anniversary. The great nation heeded the beautiful words of our immortal poet, and was "patient" through its season of war and tribulation, and we find the assurance of the verse to be true — the severe affliction did "not from the ground arise," but out from the "dark disguise" of war have arisen, as it were, "celestial benedictions" — the freedom and uplifting of a race, the purifying influences of a nation tried by fire. — *Selected.*

* * *

Visiting a soldiers' orphans' home, my heart was filled with emotion as I saw the little boys, all dressed alike, playing on the lawn. Stopping the carriage, I said to one bright little boy, "What regiment did your father belong to?" He said, "My father is not here; he is up there," pointing to the clouds, and the other boys, with grave faces, followed his finger with their eyes, as though they saw him behind the blue, and I looked, and seemed to see the Grand Army of the Republic that has passed over the river from the fields of blood to the plains of glory. Pericles, in his celebrated oration, says of the fallen, "I conclude that the gods are immortal." Such should these men be who died for their country. . . . From your death-roll it would seem that your numbers are passing steadily from this to the other side, and it will not be long ere comrades and loved ones long parted will meet in a reunion never to be broken. As individuals, let us fight well the battle of life, that when the Commander calls for us, we may pass from the field to the palace and the crown. — REV. F. C. IGLEHART, D. D., in Memorial Day sermon.

* * *

Astronomers tell us that, sometimes, a star that has shone inconspicuous, away down in their catalogue's fifth or sixth magnitude, will all at once flame out, having kindled and caught fire somehow, and will blaze in the heavens, outshining Jupiter and Venus. And so some poor, vulgar, narrow nature, touched by this Promethean fire of pure love that leads to perfect sacrifice, will "flame in the forehead of the morning sky," an undying splendor, and a light for evermore. All have this capacity in them, and all are responsible for the use of it. What have you done with it? Is there any person or thing in this world that has ever been able to lift you up out of your miserable selves? Is there any magnet that has proved strong enough to raise you from the low levels along which your life creeps? Have you ever known the thrill of resolving to become the bondservant and the slave of some great cause not your own? Or are you, as so many are, like spiders living in the midst of your web, mainly intent upon what it can catch for you? Have you ever set a light to that inert mass of enthusiasm that lies in you? Have you ever woke up the sleeper? Learn the lesson that there is nothing that so ennobles and dignifies a common nature as enthusiasm for a great cause, self-sacrificing love for a worthy heart. — *Alexander Maclaren, D. D.*

* * *

If the Memorial Day is to be continued in its intended meaning, it must grow to be the time of happy memories for all our heroic dead. Each has his own horizon of immortality in which a few stars shine — our own, our fellow-combatants in life's great struggle, whose quiet heroism has touched our hearts and nerved us to self-sacrifice, whose struggles and defeats and victories we have seen and wondered at. Some went down after long years with the white crown of honor. Others fell in what our lack of faith calls an untimely overthrow. These are the heroes of our closest memory, and these shall link our thoughts to all the glorious names which went before. . . . The glory of the springtide that brings us flowers for the graves of our beloved brings also the prophecy of hope. We cannot remember good in human lives without anticipating something better yet to come. The day is at the turning-point of spring. So much beauty, often checked and broken, is behind, but beyond is summer with her harvest time. In these sacred memories of lives departed, as in the stories of the heroes of the faith of old, much that is written is for our example. And as we think of them the fellowship of knowledge and of love with God is strong upon us that we sorrow not, even as others who have no hope. — *Congregationalist.*

* * *

The holy day of heroes — let us keep it
With rain of blooms on every soldier's grave,
With hearts that utter, ere our lips repeat it,
The sacred cry of Glory to the Brave!

. . . . . .

Tears still are salt for those who fell,
Precious wreckage of shot and shell,
On the sinking deck, on the fort's red stone,
Bruised and shattered and overthrown,
Riders who reeled from the sabre-stroke,
Stormers torn in the cannon-smoke,
The dying whose gaze could scarce descry
Floating flag from drifting sky, —
Trampled and rent and riven,
Their orison a groan,
Giving their life as the Christ's was given,
For a mercy not their own.
O shining spirits, who thronging went
Up from that awful sacrament,
By one keen agony shriven,
Up from the South where the slave had wept,
Up from the land where the truth had slept —
O shining spirits, be well content!
Did not your blood atone?

— KATHARINE LEE BATES, in *Independent.*

FARMER DALE'S AWAKENING

MARY A. SAWYER.

"I GUESS it is good enough just as it is, Loisy."

"It takes a great deal of time, father, and it is real hard work."

Farmer Dale laughed. "Real hard work, is it, Loisy?"

"I call it hard. I never thought much about it before I went down to Boston; but it seems hard to me now. Everything is made so easy for work in the houses there."

"They make things too easy down there. Folks will soon eat by machinery, I expect, if things go on the way they have been going."

"You poor father!" said Louisa. "You'll never like your new, improved, patent plough as well as your old one."

"Never!" said the farmer; "and it's the same way with the well, daughter. The Creator supplies us with the best of pure water, and I don't want the works of man to interfere with His work. So I guess we won't say any more about it, daughter. Mother has always been satisfied, and if our wise and good Creator made the springs of water out doors, it stands to reason that it is better for them to be out doors. And we mustn't interfere with the plan of creation, Loisy."

"Well," with a long-drawn-out sigh, "I will not bother you any more about it, father. Perhaps, when mother gets well, and I am not so busy, I shall not mind it as much as I do now."

"Mother hasn't minded it. She has brought it these thirty-odd years."

Louisa's eyes filled with tears, suddenly. "Poor mother is having a hard time now," she thought.

"And she'd be a hale, hearty woman today, the same as she has been these thirty years, if she hadn't fallen and broken her leg. That was a bad job; but

she'll be herself again before long."

"I hope so," said Louisa.

She did not speak again during the meal. The reference to her mother's accident deprived her of appetite, and she rose with alacrity when her father pushed back his chair.

"I wish you would kill a chicken, and dress it for me," she said. "Can you, before you go to the field? I want to make a broth for mother's dinner. She is not gaining strength as she ought, father."

The farmer, with his hand already upon the door, turned around. "Who told you that?" he asked. "Has the doctor told you that?"

"The doctor doesn't tell me anything, excepting what to do for her, but I can see it for myself, father."

"It is the weather. It is lying still in bed. Mother will be a hale, hearty woman again as soon as the bone knits firm. You mustn't talk that way to mother, Loisy, for it won't do to discourage her."

"I don't. I try to be as cheerful as I can."

"That's right. Well, I'll fetch in a chicken directly, and that'll hearten her up. Mother always likes chicken broth when she's well, so she'll like it now."

Louisa went into the sick-room as soon as her father had left the house. She looked very grave when she came back to the kitchen and began her morning's work.

"Poor mother!" she said to herself. "Poor, poor mother! Poor mother, who has worked so hard, and so patiently, and so steadily! And now, when sickness has come, she has no reserve strength to meet it. It has all been used up, day by day, in doing twice as much work as she ought to have done. Poor mother! Poor, poor mother!"

Her tears fell fast as she washed the breakfast-dishes and made her preparations for dinner. She brushed them away when her father brought in a plump young chicken.

"Make the broth real strong, Loisy," he said, "and give her all she can eat. We mustn't let her lose a mite o' strength, daughter."

"I'll make it good and strong, father, but mother doesn't eat any more than a bird would. She just tastes of things."

"Well, you make the broth strong, and I'll feed her this noon. Mother will eat for me."

Her father's tone was so confident that Louisa's fears were momentarily dispelled. "I have been too anxious," she thought. "Surely father would see it if she were really failing, as I am afraid she is."

They returned, however, as the spring deepened into summer. And when, at last, they were realized, and she knelt beside the motionless form of her mother, she wondered that she had ever felt any hope of her recovery.

"She was worn out, completely worn out, by her hard, unceasing work before her accident," she told herself in her agony, "and then, when that came, there was nothing to build upon — nothing, nothing, nothing! And what was it all for? Is this house, this farm, worth the sacrifice of her life?"

These thoughts, however, Louisa resolutely kept to herself. Her mother's last charge to her had been about her father. "Take good care of him, darling," she had whispered. "Father'll need all your love to help him bear it. God will help you and bless you, and father will be a good father to you, darling, just as he has been a good husband to me."

Over and over Louisa repeated these words, as she tried to make the lonely home less lonely for her father. Over and over she had need of them in the long, dreary summer days, and over and over she recalled them when, the summer and the autumn gone, the short days of winter pressed heavily upon her spirits and her health. She was resolute in her efforts to keep the house as homelike as her mother had kept it. Yet as she went about the rooms with broom and duster, there would, in spite of her will, steal over her thoughts of what might have been done to brighten and beautify them.

"Here is the same paper on the walls that was here when I was a child," she would say to herself, "and a new, fresh paper every two or three years would have made poor mother so happy. And so many things are old and faded and worn, and just a little money every year would have renovated them, and would have saved poor mother hours and hours of rubbing and mending and darning."

In her work in the kitchen, too, the same rebellion arose from time to time. "Here is this old, worn-out churn. Poor mother! No wonder that it wore her out. And the water she brought from the well, the miles she walked in all those years, bringing those hundreds and hundreds of pails! Poor, poor mother, plodding back and forth, back and forth, year in and year out, in rain and snow, in hot or cold, when fifty dollars would have laid the pipe and bought the pump for her kitchen. Poor mother! No wonder that she had no strength when sickness came upon her. Poor, poor mother!"

Louisa found it hard to restrain herself from speaking of these things to her father. Her love for him, however, and her pity kept her silent. "I must be as loving as mother always was," she would tell herself, "and as patient and as faithful."

She made no complaint when, after a long and stormy winter, the cold of midwinter lasted throughout the first month of spring. She fought her way to the well in the teeth of ice-laden winds, and plunged through deep drifts of snow with a look of grim resolution upon her face. "Poor mother did it for more than thirty years," she told herself, "and I *will* do it. I will *not* complain!"

There came a day, at last, when neither her patience nor her strong will could longer combat the heaviness and languor she had felt for days. Upon the threshold of the back door, a half-emptied pail of water beside her, her father found her when he came from the barn at dinner-time. He stooped down and lifted her tenderly, but no answer came to his loud and agitated questions. Then he bore her into the house and carried her to her room. Placing her upon her bed, he rubbed her hands and her feet unceasingly, until at last a faint groan escaped from her white lips. "Thank God!" he cried, falling upon his knees beside her, and pouring out his gratitude and his anxiety to his Maker.

He rose in a moment, in a calmer mood. God would spare his one prop, he felt. He worked over his daughter for a time longer, and then, finding that no word or touch of his could rouse her, he left her and ran across the fields to his nearest neighbor.

Late in the evening, banished from the room by Mrs. Price and the doctor, he sat by the kitchen stove, with his face buried in his hands. Every groan from the room above brought a corresponding groan from his lips, until at last he rose and paced the floor in his agony.

The doctor's heavy tread upon the stairs aroused him, and he sprang forward to meet him.

"Will she — live? Tell me the — worst!" he cried.

The doctor, a blunt man by nature, hardened to suffering by long contact with it, answered with little consideration for his anxiety: "How can I say, man? The Lord is the giver of life. She may live, if it is God's will, and if she has got your tough grip. She'll die, if it is God's will that she should go as her mother did, from too much hard work. Save her? Of course I'll save her if I can, but the Lord gives life and takes it, and she has worked too hard, just as her mother did before her, and just as one-half the farmers' wives are working. She may live. I'll do my best. You must have a woman to take care of her. Go for Sarah Frost. Fetch her back with you. I'll tell her what to do tonight. She'll pull her through the fever's crisis if anybody can."

The weeks of anxious watching by his daughter that followed this night seemed like years to the farmer. Two thoughts chased through his brain perpetually — "She has worked too hard." "Just as her mother did, from too much hard work."

They bore but one meaning for him. The doctor knew that he could not save her. He felt himself a murderer. At the bar of God he would stand, convicted of the murder of his wife and his child. What plea could he offer? Necessity? No! Selfishness — love of fields — love of cattle — love of gold? Yes!

"Yes!" answered conscience. "Yes! you valued land, and cattle, and money, more than you valued their comfort or their health."

One consolation still was his — the certainty that God understood and pitied and forgave. To Him he turned constantly. And, little by little, hope grew stronger and he felt God would spare his daughter to him.

"God knows that I see my sin, that I repent of my selfishness, and that I will atone for it," he would murmur as he ministered to Louisa's needs. "He raised up Lazarus, He restored the widow's son, He can restore my darling to health."

With this hope in his heart he had many plans for Louisa's future comfort mapped out by the time she was pronounced out of danger.

He lifted her gently, one warm afternoon in May, and bore her downstairs and placed her upon the lounge which

Sarah Frost had drawn up beside the window.

Louisa looked up at him with a grateful smile. "Poor father!" she whispered. "Dear, dear father!"

He bent over her and kissed her white lips. "Father is happy today," he answered, "and he is grateful to God He has so mercifully answered his prayer.

Louisa smiled again. "I am grateful, too," she said, as she closed her eyes wearily.

After a few moments' rest she opened them. "How beautiful it is!" she said, "the sky and the sunshine!" Presently her eyes turned to the fields in front of her. She looked at them in silence for a short time, and then she looked at her father. "What are the men doing?" she asked.

Her father drew a chair beside her lounge and sat down and began to stroke her hair caressingly. "They are digging the trench for the pipe from the well," he said.

"O father!"

"Yes, darling, father sees now what he ought to have seen thirty years ago. He sees his selfishness, and he is beginning to try to make amends for it. He cannot bring back mother, but he can do a little for his child's comfort."

His voice trembled, and Louisa, seeing the tears in his eyes, put out her hand.

"I shall be strong again, by and by," she said. "I don't want you to do so much for me, father dear."

"Loisy," he answered, "all that I can do, I *must* do. The love of a most merciful Judge has given you back to me, and shall I not repay that love by taking care of the child who is His gift to me? Yes, darling," as she pressed his hands, "I must do it, and I rejoice in doing it."

"That's so," said Sarah Frost, coming in from out doors with a bunch of lilacs. "He's been real happy, Loisy, ever since the men began to dig, and it'll be real handy for you and me to have a pump right in the kitchen sink."

She went out of the room in search of a suitable vase for her lilacs, and the farmer continued his explanation: "It'll be set up, and the water in the pipe, by next week. And the week after Memorial Day will be observed, and we'll use it first that day. It ain't flowers for a hero's grave, Loisy, but God will know" —

"Yes," said Louisa, interrupting him. "God will know that it is an act of self-sacrifice, for no water will ever taste so good to you as water drawn right up from the well. And so it will be as brave a deed in His eyes as if you had offered your life for your country. God knows His soldiers, father."

Her father kissed her again, and bade her close her eyes and go to sleep. "I must have you strong by that day," he said, "for we must ride down to mother's grave that morning, darling. We will carry some flowers to mother, and there, by her side, I will tell you of the other things I have promised God I would do for you."

"But, father, when I am well again, I can" —

"When you are well again, my darling, father will help you to keep the health God has given you."

More than this he would not tell her. "Be patient," he said," and wait until Memorial Day."

Louisa closed her eyes, obediently, but she said to herself: "When I am strong again he shall have all the water that he drinks straight from the old well! *I* will see to that."

Boston, Mass.

MARCHING STILL

She is old and bent and wrinkled,
In her rocker in the sun,
And the thick gray woolen stocking
That she knits is never done.
She will ask the news of battle
If you pass her when you will,
For to her the troops are marching,
Marching still.

Seven tall sons about her growing
Cheered the widowed mother's soul;
One by one they kissed and left her
When the drums began to roll.
They are buried in the trenches,
They are bleaching on the hill;
But to her the boys are marching,
Marching still.

She was knitting in the corner
When the fatal news was read,
How the last and youngest perished, —
And the letter, ending, said:
"I am writing on my knapsack
By the road, with borrowed quill,
For the Union army's marching,
Marching still."

Reason sank and died within her
Like a flame for want of air;
So she knits the woolen stockings
For the soldier lads to wear,
Waiting till the war is ended
For her sons to cross the sill;
For she thinks they all are marching,
Marching still!

— MINNA IRVING, in *New England Magazine*.

THE UNDERGROWTH OF LITTLE PLEASURES

"CULTIVATE the undergrowth of little pleasures," is a scrap of wise advice, which must have grown out of a discriminating observation. A great many must find their pleasures under something toilsomely useful, if found at all, and if not cultivated, they may perish altogether — a sad mishap indeed. Life without pleasures lacks an essential element, and is shorn of one means of grace. If one can make them grow, or by diligent search can find them, it is a duty not to be lightly passed over. They must be of the right sort, wholesome, simple and innocent, but they must be pleasures, relaxations, diversions, and not essentially useful and improving.

These are the things that can be done in odd minutes. They need not necessarily be simply profitable. It is highly edifying to know how some people have improved their minds in fragments of time, but to an overworked mortal what a weariness is it! Momentary snatches of good times are not a purposeless waste. Life's larger deeds and duties are usually hyphenated by some little thing. Let the in-betweens be pleasant, if possible.

A busy housewife, on mending day, took a choice book to the sewing-room, and after slipping the needle in and out of the yawning hole in a stocking a certain number of times, she read a delightful page of the story. Her work was foremost and was duly finished, while a page at a time was not much of the book, but she made the most of the little undergrowth of pleasure and found it refreshing.

If it is possible, manage, between times, the brief informal visit or bit of neighborliness, where one cannot take a day for social interchange, nor put one's self in array for a grand function, and thus cultivate the undergrowth of sociability. If a favorite accomplishment must be relegated to chinks and corners of time, so be it, but let it fill the chinks. Touch the piano keys in the twilight, or redeem a season somehow for taking up the brush or the small implements of fancy-work, if that is a pleasure. Keep the pen within reach, and let the giving and taking of pleasure in a friendly letter be a common thing, not a formidable task like the writing of a state paper. Your friends can find state papers in the public library. They want to know your common goings and comings, and what you are thinking about, what you are reading, and what you are making, how your new frock looks, and how the last recipe you tried came out. They want to know of your remembrance and regard, and the impulsive rhetoric of the heart is better for telling this than any studied eloquence. Those who do not cultivate this undergrowth of little pleasures, in friendly letters, after the fashion of Cowper's ideal who "loved talking letters dearly," do not know what they miss. There is such refreshment in the writing and the receiving, that one sometimes feels moved to repeat the assertion that

"The very dearest and sweetest thing
Is the sound in the house of the postman's ring."

Under the severely useful and profitable crop of commonplace deeds and duties, as indistinguishable from each other perhaps as crowding cornstalks or swaying wheat-blades, there is an undergrowth of innocent satisfaction in the ability to do the work, the growing facility in it, and in the mere fact of accomplishing it. Take the good of this comfortable feeling as you go along. Even under distasteful toils pleasant little things grow up, and a little sprig of content, planted, watered, cultivated sincerely, will blossom into pleasure by and by.

If the cultivation of the undergrowth requires time and forecast, care and pains, give them. The harvest will recompense them all. But many pleasant things, beneath the surface, come incidentally and unaware. In such case do not overlook nor underestimate what is not of appraised, commercial value. The useful trees insist upon appreciation, but the healing herbs and wood-flowers growing low, where no man plants and waters them, repay the search for them. — *Interior*.

THEY WOULD WRITE

ALMOST amusing volume could be made from extracts from manuscripts, received and declined by editors of literary and other periodicals. And if there could be added to the volume some of the letters sent with the manuscripts, the volume would be still more amusing.

The writers of some most pretentious stories and poems must be singularly deficient in the sense of humor, or the absurdity of their compositions would be apparent to them. What could be more laughable than the following verse from a poem entitled "Old Ocean," written by an aspiring genius who said that it was the "crowning effort" of his life!

"Thou mighty ocean, grand and deep,
In which great whales and fishes sleep,
And dead men's bones are whitening
While naiads dance and mermaids sing,
And o'er thy breast great ships do pass,
And some are sunk - alas! alas!
The diver goes down into thee
And wondrous things he there doth see,
So great his danger none can tell,
When whales eat up his diving-bell."

A young novelist, describing the heroine of her story, says: "She had large, sky-blue eyes, between which her fine nose rested like a tiny white cloud, and above which her her golden hair hung in bewitching little bangs which were nature's gift unaided by the curling-tongs. She had a cherry mouth full of pearly teeth, and dainty pink ears. Dainty dimples gave piquancy to an otherwise mobile face in which there was a constant play of emotions changing from grave

to gay. And yet Sybil Ethelwynd Hetherington was not what would be called beautiful."

Another writer says of her heroine, "When she first heard that her false lover was married to another she was collapsed with grief, but her womanly nature soon asserted itself, and she began a desperate flirtation with another gent."

The somewhat dazing career of the heroine of another story was described in these words: "Married at sixteen, widowed at seventeen, remarried at eighteen, widowed again at nineteen, the career of Geraldine St. De Courcy had been unlike that of most girls."

We are told later in the story that Geraldine finally weds a "count of noble birth," who presents her at court with the following surprising result: "When, arrayed in her gown of scarlet cloth of gold, with her train borne by eight pages in scarlet and gold and blazing with real diamonds, Geraldine was ushered into the presence of Queen Victoria, that good lady was taken completely by surprise, and, departing from her usual custom, she embraced and kissed the young countess, and, taking a valuable real diamond necklace from her own neck, she clasped it around the neck of Geraldine, saying, as she did so, 'Beautiful maiden, take this, and if ever you are in trouble send it back to me, and I will come to you at once.'"

An aspiring young poet informed the editor of a metaphysical magazine that he had "poems for sail on any topic at prices to suit. Also poems wrote to order at short notice," and he hopes that the editor will "give me a trial."

The writer of an article describing a descent to the bottom of a gold-mine says, "It was with a sigh of relief that we again stood on *vice versa*."

More laughable still was the description of an elegant party written by a young authoress who evidently wished to air her French: "All of the *eclat* of the city was present besides some not really belonging to the *eclat*, but yet *eclatish* enough to be thought worthy of an invitation to even a party of the *recherchéness* of this party which was really the *piece de resistance* of the season in even that city of brilliant *fetes* and *faux pas!*"

The writer of an essay on "True Nobility" makes the following surprising statement: "The man with grimy hands, dirty finger-nails, uncombed hair and unshaven face may have beneath his dirt-begrimed jacket and unwashed shirt as noble a soul as that which beats in the breast of the exquisite fresh from his violet-water bath. Shall the bath-tub be the criterion of true nobility? Perish the thought!"

"I desire to become a writer for your valuable sheet," wrote an ambitious and not altogether modest young man to the editor of a popular magazine. "I am of a deeply intellecksual cast, in fact my brains is mostly intelleck, and I am unfit for the work of the tannery in which I am now engaged. Let me know what you think about me coming on there and going into literairy pursoots."

He was advised not to "come on there," but to stick to the tannery and leave "literairy pursoots" to others.— J. L. HARBOUR, in *Christian Endeavor World*.

— "What is a furlough?" asked a Columbus (Ohio) teacher. "It means a mule," was the reply of Mary. "Oh, no," replied the teacher, "it doesn't mean a mule." "Indeed, it does!" said Mary. "I have a book at home that says so." "Well," said the teacher, now thoroughly interested, "you may bring the book to school; and we'll see about it." The next day Mary brought the book, and in some triumph opened to a page where there was a picture of a soldier standing beside a mule. Below the picture were the words, "Going Home on his Furlough." — *Selected*.

BOYS AND GIRLS

"THE BRAVEST ARE THE TENDEREST"

Fiercely the battle was raging,
Thick flew the shot and shell
Where the "Johnnies'" hasty earthworks
The "Yanks" were storming well.

But in the midst of the tumult —
The fearful, leaden hail —
A bronzed and war-scarred Johnnie
Heard a frightened little wail.

"Meouw!" He peered for a moment
Over the breastworks low;
'Twas a little, wild-eyed kitten
Wandering to and fro.

The folk from a neighboring farmhouse
Had fled in wild affright,
Forgetting the helpless kitten
In their bewildered flight.

Then, scorning the awful peril,
Out from the breastworks safe
Swift leaped the gallant soldier
To rescue the little waif!

Back 'mid the whistling of bullets —
Ah! what a rousing cheer
Rose from the husky, dust-parched throats
Of his weary comrades near!

He won nor ribbon nor medal,
Yet 'twas as brave a thing
As many that win the guerdon
Of emperor or king.

So ever the best and bravest
For the helpless ones will care;
And ever the heart that is tender
Is the heart that will do and dare.

— MINNIE LEONA UPTON, in *Wellspring*.

THE DAISIES' NAMESAKE

A Memorial Day Story

EMMA C. DOWD.

DAISY THORNTON liked to call herself "the daisies' namesake," and she loved the pretty white and gold flowers better than any others. The house was always full of them during daisy time, and the little girl usually had a blossom or two tucked into hair or frock. Daisy had never helped to decorate the soldiers' graves on Memorial Day; she had not even seen the procession on its way from the Town Hall to Spring Grove Cemetery. Last year she had the mumps, and the year previous the measles, and before that she was too young to know much about soldiers or Decoration Days. But this year she had been planning to make daisy wreaths for the soldiers, and to place the prettiest where her grandfather slept — brave Lieutenant Thornton, who fought and fell for his country. For months she had talked of it all; and now she lay helpless on the couch with a sprained ankle, and the 30th of May only two days ahead!

As she looked out on the bright spring landscape, tears of disappointment were in her eyes.

"Does your ankle pain you much?" asked her mother, anxiously.

"It aches," answered the little girl; "but I don't care for that. I was thinking of Memorial Day. It seems as if I couldn't give up carrying the daisies. I believe I could walk if the doctor would let me!" She looked appealingly into her mother's face.

Mrs. Thornton shook her head.

"No, dear," she said; "the doctor knows best, and you must be a brave little Daisy — like the flowers you were named for."

"It is too bad!" put in Daisy's brother Mortimer. "I wish it had been my ankle!" with a savage shake of his sturdy limb. "I've been lots of times, and shouldn't mind if I did have to stay at home. If I were rich I'd hire a carriage, but I haven't a quarter to my name."

"Anyway," said Daisy, "I can make a wreath for grandpa's grave, and you can carry it, can't you?"

Thus the little girl did her best to be patient and cheerful, while Mortimer's mind was busy with impossible schemes, each one of which he hoped would furnish a way for his sister at least to view the procession. But the nearest point at which it passed their home was a half-mile distant, and every plan turned out to be impracticable. It was not until late in the afternoon of the twenty-ninth that anything feasible occurred to him.

"I have it!" he cried.

"Have what?" queried Daisy.

But her brother rushed upstairs to find his mother.

When he came down, he shouted: "Hurrah, Chicksie! You won't have to stay at home tomorrow!" And he was out of the front door before Daisy could recover from her astonishment.

Mamma explained Mortimer's plan. It was to carry Daisy in the willow high-chair used during her babyhood, and which could be borne between himself and another boy by strapping it to their shoulders as the postmen carry their bags.

Daisy was in an ecstasy of joy when Mortimer returned with the word that Harry Prescott, next door, had gladly agreed to be one of the "chairmen," and that they, with Nell and Jennie Prescott, were going early in the morning for the daisies.

And what basketfuls of blossoms the daisy-pickers brought! They made wreaths and chains and bouquets till their fingers ached. Still there were piles of daisies, and Mortimer began to trim the chair. Once begun there was no stopping till the old chair was indeed a throne of white and gold, and Daisy clapped her hands in delight.

It was a very happy little girl who, in her white frock trimmed with daisies, and her daisy-wreathed hat, with her hands full of blossoms, looked out from her daisied seat; and who could blame Mortimer if he were a bit proud of his lovely little sister as she was borne along the street, as sweet and unconscious as a flower! Almost every one turned to get a second look at the pretty picture.

They intercepted the procession at the nearest point, and then two of Mortimer's school-mates insisted on taking the places of the "chairmen" for a time, in order to give them a rest. At the cemetery the chair was placed near Lieutenant Thornton's grave, that the little girl might with her own hands drop the flowers there, and the others distributed the remainder of the daisies.

That evening, as Daisy lay in contented weariness upon her couch, she looked up lovingly at Mortimer.

"You are the nicest brother in the world!" she said.

"It was better than staying at home, wasn't it?" he agreed.

"Oh," she sighed, happily. "I'm so glad you thought of it!"

Meriden, Conn.

Epworth League Department

Edited by REV. F. N. UPHAM.

A Single Theme

VARYING our usual custom, we present for this month only one topic. Let it be the Book of books —

The Holy Bible

We reverently accept it as the inspired Word of God. What is the chief reason for such acceptance? The answer is found in

ITS SURPASSING CLAIM.

The Bible above all other literature has a claim upon the world's devout thought. It is not found in its great age, though its ancient splendor commands respect. Surely its own statements concerning itself cannot be taken as conclusive evidence in its own behalf. They are of value, but not on the witness stand. Its unimpeachable records of history, its marvelous adaptation to all conditions of men, its striking prophecies and their exact fulfillment, its elevated moral tone, its breadth of brotherhood, its sublime spirituality, its translatability — these and a thousand other points indicate the Bible to be the unique book of all time.

But what makes it God's Book? What gives it an authority over human conscience, reason, and action? There is only one answer, and that is found in its chief theme, the holy character it portrays —

JESUS CHRIST.

"Never passed before the imagination of man, and never but once alighted on this earth, so heavenly a vision. Once in all human history we meet a Being who never did an injury and never resented one done to Him, never uttered an untruth, never practiced a deception, and never lost an opportunity of doing good; generous in the midst of the selfish, upright in the midst of the sensual, and wise far above the wisest of earth's sages and prophets; loving and gentle, yet immovably resolute; and whose illimitable meekness and patience never once forsook Him in a vexatious, ungrateful and cruel world. If the New Testament had contained only the character of Jesus as it unfolded itself in His intercourse with men, it had deserved a place above all human productions; it had been a mine of spiritual wealth and a fountain of holy influence unknown to every other region, and to all ages of time."

The Beauty of the English Bible

Who will say that the uncommon beauty and marvelous English of the Protestant Bible is not one of the greatest strongholds of heresy in this country? It lives on the ear like music that can never be forgotten, like the sound of church bells, which the convert hardly knows how he can forego. Its felicities often seem to be almost things rather than words. It is part of the national mind, and the anchor of national seriousness. Nay, it is worshiped with a positive idolatry, in extenuation of whose grotesque fanaticism its intrinsic beauty pleads availingly with the man of letters and the scholar. The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses. The power of all the griefs and trials of a man are hid beneath its word. It is the representative of his best moments, and all there has been about him of soft and gentle and pure and penitent and good, speak to him forever out of his Protestant Bible. It is this sacred thing which doubt has never dimmed and controversy never soiled. — *Faber* (a Romanist).

A Notable Confession

Dr. Geo. E. Ellis, for many years Boston's principal Unitarian minister, writes these strong words: "Fifty years of study, thought and reading, given largely to the Bible and to the literature which peculiarly relates to it, have brought me to this conclusion: That the Book — taken with the especial divine quality and character claimed for it, and so extensively assigned to it as inspired and infallible, as a whole and in all its contents — is an Orthodox Book. It yields what is called the Orthodox creed. The vast majority of its readers, following its letter, its obvious sense, its natural meaning, and yielding to the impression which some of its emphatic texts make upon them, find in it Orthodoxy. Only that kind of ingenious, special, discriminative, and — in candor, I must add — forced, treatment which it receives from us Liberals, can make the Book teach anything but Orthodoxy. The evangelical sects, so called, are clearly right in maintaining that their view of Scripture and of its doctrines draws a deep and wide division of creed between them and ourselves. In that earnest controversy, by pamphlet warfare, between Drs. Channing and Ware on the one side, and Drs. Worcester and Woods and Prof. Stuart on the other — a controversy which wrought up the people of our community sixty years ago more than did our recent political campaign — I am fully convinced that the Liberal contestants were worsted. Scripture exegesis, logic and argument were clearly on the side of the Orthodox contestants."

The Family Bible

Take it down, unclasp the fastenings, brush off the dust, and open reverently the sacred pages once more.

It is marked here and there, and those underscorings are the way-marks in soul history. Certain verses are battlefields, where victories have been gloriously won. Some pages are tear-stained, and such defacements give the blessed Book an added charm. Here is a chapter whose every word has been read through blinding tears and in darkened rooms. The margin is thumb-worn, the paper is smoothed thin by trembling fingers.

In its centre are pages of family history. How easy to read between the lines as a glad father enters joyously the birth of a precious child, a mother sorrowfully records the death of a beloved one, and the varying scenes of the years are briefly mentioned therein.

Is it sentiment of which we are writing? Let it be so. It is the sentiment that like an anchor has held unnumbered thousands to a moral mooring, kept them from a "before the wind" drifting upon the rocks of ruin, or an aimless wandering on the high seas of doubt. That home has upon it an eternal life insurance that regularly and reverently reads the blessed family Bible.

Your Own Bible

You will surely want one that is all your own. Mark it, underline it, use it as you will. There is much in being familiar with its pages, and if well used they gather a wealth of memories and associations about them that greatly enhances their own inestimable worth.

A Cloud of Witnesses

John Adams said: "The Bible is the best book in the world."

Sir Isaac Newton affirmed: "I account the Scriptures of God to be the most sublime philosophy."

Goethe could say: "It is a belief in the Bible which has served me as the guide of my moral and literary life."

Rousseau, the French deist, confessed: "I must confess the majesty of the Scriptures strikes me with astonishment."

Theodore Parker paid this tribute: "There is not a boy nor a girl, all Christendom through, but their lot is made better by this great book."

Carlyle exclaimed: "A noble book! All men's book. It is our first statement of the never ending problem of man's destiny and God's way with men on earth."

When that illustrious man, Chief Justice Jay, was dying, being asked if he had any farewell address to leave his children, he replied, "They have the Bible."

John Locke could reason, and this is his conclusion: "To give a man a full knowledge of true morality, I should need to send him no other book than the New Testament."

Pointing to the family Bible on the stand, during his last illness, Andrew Jackson said to his friend: "That book, sir, is the Rock on which our republic rests."

Where the Bible has not gone, human liberty has found no air to breathe. The observation of this fact led De Tocqueville, the greatest French statesman of two centuries, to say: "Bible Christianity is the companion of liberty in all its conflicts, the cradle of its infancy, and the divine source of its claims."

Gladstone on the Bible

Mr. Gladstone's "Essay" on the Bible has attracted widest comment and attention in England. There are few passages about the Bible more truly eloquent and beautiful, and that because

perfectly true, than the paragraph with which the Essay closes. It deserves the widest reading that quotation can give to it: "'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away.' As they have lived and wrought, so they will live and work. From the teacher's chair and from the pastor's pulpit, in the humblest hymn that ever mounted to the ear of God from beneath a cottage roof, and in the rich, melodious choir of the noblest cathedral, 'their sound is gone out into all lands, and their words unto the ends of the world.' Nor here alone, but in a thousand silent and unsuspected forms will they unweariedly prosecute their holy office. Who doubts that, times without number, particular portions of Scripture find their way to the human soul as if embassies from on high, each with its own commission of comfort, of guidance, or of warning? What crisis, what trouble, what perplexity of life has failed, or can fail, to draw from this inexhaustible treasure-house its proper supply? What profession, what position, is not daily and hourly enriched by these words which repetition never weakens, which carry with them now, as in the days of their first utterance, the freshness of youth and immortality? When the solitary student opens all his heart to drink them in, they will reward his toil. And in forms yet more hidden and withdrawn, in the retirement of the chamber, in the stillness of the night season, upon the bed of sickness, and in the face of death, the Bible will be there, its several words, how often winged with their several and special messages, to heal and to soothe, to uplift and uphold, to invigorate and stir. Nay, more, perhaps, than this; amid the crowds of the court, or the forum, or the street, or the market-place, when every thought of every soul seems to be set upon the excitements of ambition, or of business, or of pleasure, there too, even there, the still small voice of the Holy Bible will be heard, and the soul, aided by some blessed word, may find wings like a dove, may flee away and be at rest."

Is the Demand for the Bible Dying Out?

The American Bible Society is printing ten million copies of the Bible annually. This is five times as many as the combined circulations of the three most popular books of the day. They are short-lived; the Bible has the ages as its own. Since 1816, the year of its institution, the American Bible Society has issued 55,531,908 volumes, including Bibles, Testaments, and integral portions of the Bible.

The Bible on the Throne

A great Church Council was to be opened in Asia Minor. It was just after the Emperor Constantine had espoused Christianity, and the empire, therefore, had become nominally Christian. Elaborate preparations had been made for the first session of the council. Church dignitaries were present in great numbers. In the most conspicuous place a high throne had been erected for Constantine. As he entered the cathedral the immense multitude arose and respectfully stood while His Majesty was escorted to his place. Seeing the throne was intended for himself, he refused to take his seat thereon, but taking a copy of the Holy Bible the Emperor placed that on the seat of honor. It was to be supreme. A magnificent example with a pertinent lesson! Put the Bible on the throne!

The Bible and Other Religious Books

Dr. Rankin, of Howard University, puts the case strongly, as follows: "There have been other religious books in the world. One such book has grown up in our own day — the book of Mormon. Men can make religious books. But, of the very best of them, such an eminent scholar, such an unbiased judge, as Max Müller has said this: 'Readers who have been led to believe that the Vedas of the ancient Brahmins, the Avesta of the Zoroastrians, the Tripitaka of the Buddhist, the Kings of Confucius, the Koran of Mohammed, are books full of primeval wisdom and religious enthusiasm, or at least of sound and simple moral teaching, will be disappointed on consulting these volumes. Looking at many of the books that have lately been published on the religions of the ancient world, I do not wonder that such a belief should have been raised. But I have long felt that it was high time to dispel such illusions, and to place the study of the ancient religions of the world on a more real and sound, or a more truly historical, basis. Scholars who have devoted their life either to the editing of the original texts or to the careful interpretation of some of the sacred books, are more inclined, after they have disinterred from a heap of rubbish some solitary fragments of pure gold, to exhibit these treasures only, than to display all the refuse from which they had to extract them. They have raised expectations that cannot be fulfilled; fears, also, which are unfounded.' Thus does the greatest scholar and critic in these fields speak of the sacred books of the East. These books were made by man. That accounts for them. This Book cannot be so accounted for. The man who believes it can be, and not the man who believes it cannot be, may be justly charged with credulity."

In prayer we are talking with God. In reading the Bible God is talking with us. So says Mr. Moody very pertinently.

"Higher Criticism" need alarm no one. It is chiefly *literary* criticism, and, if it keeps to its own field, need not be either destructive or irreverent.

To point a witticism with a Bible phrase, sentence or allusion is not merely execrable taste; but, further, is a positive sacrilege. It is too often done by Christian people, ministers of the Gospel by no means being guiltless.

There is a difference between Bible reading and Bible study. Both are needed. Sometimes one may want to analyze a flower in all its parts. Again, its delightsome fragrance is the chief thing sought.

We pray for the return of the day when Bible verses and chapters are committed to memory in our Sunday-schools. The old phrase, "getting it by heart," has more meaning in it than at first appears.

There is a satisfaction in reading the Bible through in course. We heartily believe in it as one way, but by no means think it the *best* way, and are sure it should never be the *only* way. Three chapters every week-day and five on Sunday will carry one through in a year.

There is no substitute for prayerful Bible reading, quietly and alone, preceded and followed by prayer, if one would "grow in grace."

Summerfield, Methodism's brilliant and meteoric preacher, whose piety was as deep as his eloquence was high, was wont to take one Bible passage daily, and make it his meditation for all the hours. He thought of it, he read of it, he prayed over it, he *believed* it. No wonder he was mighty in the Scriptures.

Be *wide awake* when reading the Bible. For this reason we do not make a practice of "reading a chapter" just before going to sleep at night. A verse repeated is better than a long chapter hurriedly read through.

How profitable are those prayers which abound with Bible expressions! The late Bishop Harris was remarkable in this respect. Dr. Daniel Steele, whom may the Lord let live a long time upon this earth, knows how to approach the Throne of Grace with the very language of heaven's holiest courts.

The Junior Leagues are doing an incalculable good in teaching the children to be familiar with the Bible. They know where Amos is, and how to look for Ruth. The Old Testament is not searched to find Timothy, nor is Samuel looked for among the Epistles.

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League Prayer Meeting Topics for June

REV. MATTHIAS S. KAUFMAN, Ph. D.

Lessons from Life

" Life is wasted if we spend it
Idly dreaming how to die;
Study how to use, not end, it;
Work to finish, not to fly."

Lessons innumerable! At every turn they are borne in upon us. The modest violet teaches us humility; the warbling bird cheerfulness; helpfulness is suggested by the dewdrop, and the power of purpose by the on-going river; the ivy charms us to beauty of grace, and the grand old oak inspires us to stability. Whirling all about us is a teeming throng. The sweet child-face says to us, Be innocent; the happy youth suggests the brightness of the morning; the care-worn face tells of unnecessary burdens; the over-anxious look warns us of distrust in God. These are voices, sign-boards, teachers, whose lessons are valuable. One needs only to look and listen. How stupid are we that we do not learn when so many teachers offer instruction! Vital truths come to those who have sagacity to accept them. The lessons thus learned from life can be turned to good account for humanity.

" Praise for present mercies giving,
With good works your age endow;
Death defy by Christlike living,
Heaven attain by service now."

June 5 — The Trial and Triumph of Prayer. 1 Kings: 18: 42-46.

God lives, and alert will listen.
God hears His children's sigh.
None empty will He turn away,
Although He may sometimes delay,
Speedy will the answer come
When breathes the soul, " Thy will be done."

The Christian is having trouble. Why? Anything wrong with God? Oh, no; thrice no! What, then? Why this drooping of the Christian's head? Why this faintness of heart? The discouraged Christian has prayed and prayed for a certain good, and yet no answer comes. Why this disappointment?

1. It may not be a real good for which he longs, notwithstanding he is sincere in believing it to be such.

2. He may desire the apparent good for selfish purposes.

3. He may be wanting in submission.

4. His faith may need strengthening.

5. An impatient spirit may require disciplining.

6. He may need the never-surrender spirit of Elijah.

" Go seven times, and each the promise press;
But leave to Him the mode, the time, the place,
To hear thy prayer and remedy thy case."

Lo! how gracious, how beautiful, how glorious! Prayer answered — what a triumph! Man's puny strength through faith has moved the arm of the Almighty. Thereby man has allied himself with Omnipotence and in effect becomes almighty himself. Wondrous privilege! Exalted right!

1. With Elijah a little cloud no larger than a man's hand foretokened the reward of his persevering prayer.

2. During the war for independence, while the army was at White Plains, a farmer residing near, rising at dawn, heard a low voice in the wood adjoining his house. Surely it was no other than a human voice engaged in prayer. Keeping quiet, the old farmer soon saw Gen. Washington come forth from the closet of trees, where he had spent the time alone pleading with God for victory. Turning to his wife the farmer said, " Martha, we must not oppose this cause any more. I have heard Washington pour out such prayers for it that I know they will be answered."

3. When the Diet of Nuremberg was in session, Luther was earnestly praying in his home. Suddenly he arose from his knees and ran out of the house, crying, " We have gained the victory! " It proved to be the very hour when the edict granting toleration to Protestants was passed.

" I sing it forth in simple chime
That God will hear in His good time.
O longing hearts, a message sweet
Awaits you at the mercy-seat.
A triumph sure you will secure
If prayerful to the end endure."

June 12 — Life Marring and Molding. Jer. 18: 1-6.

The scene of our lesson is a pottery. At the frame sits a potter turning a wheel with his foot. In his hand is a lump of prepared clay, at his side a basin of water. His wheel revolves horizontally and on its centre he lays the lump of clay. By the motion of the wheel and the assistance of his hands he attempts to form the vessel he has in mind. In this he fails, but does not despair. Being unable to make of the defective clay the finely formed ideal vessel he desired, the potter again takes up the crushed mass and manufactures out of it a design of less beauty and grace. Success crowns his effort although the original plan is not realized.

God has in His mind an ideal, high and most divinely beautiful, for every life; but that ideal can be realized only when the clay of our possibilities is free from distrust and disobedience. If a man's life is wanting in faith and submission, then God's design for his life is sadly marred. By repentance a man may place himself in the hand of the Potter for a vessel of lesser beauty. If, however, he persists in resisting, then he must remain forever undone.

1. God selected a high altitude for our development.

2. The clay denotes the educational period of life.

3. If the clay is " marred upon the wheel " it can never reach the level intended for it originally.

4. Every violation of conscience mars the clay, every handful of wild oats strewn lowers the level of possible achievement.

5. Sins forgiven are like wounds healed — the scars remain as defects.

FAULTS THAT MAR CHARACTER.

Impatience, hasty words, harsh speech, trifling conversation, coarse jesting, haughty manners, insincerity, misrepresentation, thoughtlessness, irreverence, disobedience, neglect of God's house, Sabbath desecration, failure to study the Bible, infrequency of secret prayer, idleness, improvidence, waywardness, indifference to God's demands, indifference to parental advice, winking at evil, loss of self-respect, debauchery, shamelessness.

MOLDING QUALITIES.

Love for God; reverence for all that is holy; a delight in purity; chastity in thought, word and life; careful study of the Scriptures; regular observance of secret prayer; cheerful meeting of all church obligations; kindness to the aged; generosity to the poor; attention to the sick; respectfulness to superiors; friendliness to the unfortunate; a forgiving spirit; practical sympathy toward all mankind; hospitableness in mind and heart toward all noble sentiments.

Many ideals are in the mind of the Master Potter. Indeed, He does not intend to form any two vessels exactly alike. The Bible mirror will determine whether or no you are following the pattern intended specifically for yourself. If you are, then, whether comely in form or otherwise, your words will have influence for good, and the world will be daily made better by your presence. Lowell, in "The Shepherd King of Admetus," tells of a youth who lived long ago. His hands were too delicate for hard toil, but upon an empty tortoise shell he produced music that stirred men's hearts or caused them to swell with courage. King Admetus was so pleased with this delicate lad that he appointed him viceroy of his sheep. His simple speech fell musically into men's souls and caused them to think good thoughts. And even rough men, who called the youth shiftless and laughed at his watching by the hour the falling of a leaf or the opening of a tiny flower, unconsciously made his utterances the law of their lives. And —

" After he was dead and gone,
And e'en his memory dim,
Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
More full of love because of him."

June 19 — My Missionary Duty: Go or Send. Rom. 10: 14-17.

" So near to glory is our dust,
So nigh is God to man,
When duty whispers low, 'Thou must,'
The soul replies, 'I can.'"

"They run, they run!" cried an eager soldier on the Heights of Abraham at Quebec. "Who run?" anxiously inquired the dying Wolfe. "The French." "Then I die happy," said the young officer. "I have done my duty." Duty is a hard word to the indolent, a distasteful word to the selfish; but to the man of good impulses, of the generous heart, of a high sense of personal responsibility, duty is a welcome term. It is his watchword. He carries it upon his banner. His whole life is ordered by it. To him it is the only path to real success. The simple consciousness of having done his duty is to him more beautiful than any laurel wreath. A true sense of duty is that in the Christian to which the most powerful appeal may be made in securing the spread of Christ's blessed Gospel. Duty to go or send? Yes, every Christian ought to feel the force of this demand. The whole question is definitely settled by Christ's explicit injunction given after He had hung on the cross, arisen from the sepulchre, and was just ready to ascend to His eternal throne. It is plain that comparatively few can go; but what a vast company may unite in sending the good news of salvation into all the world! Shall we each do our duty?

" Duty be thy polar guide;
Do the right, whate'er betide."

Taking it for granted that we all be-

long to the company of senders, let us inquire how this may be done: —

1. By intelligence on the subject of missionary needs.

2. By getting the heart inspired with the idea of Christ's mission to our race.

3. By having our hearts warmed with Christ's own sympathy and love for all mankind.

4. By an intelligent conception of personal obligation in this great cause.

5. By cultivating the spirit and habit of generosity.

6. By the systematic giving of at least one-tenth of our income to religious and benevolent causes.

7. By co-operating with those who are managing mission enterprises.

"With your prayers and with your bounties
You can do what heaven demands.
You can be like faithful Aaron
Holding up the prophet's hands."

TRUMPET CALLS.

1. Forward! That is duty's ring. Forward with ourselves or forward with our money. How blessed are they who advance with both!

2. Hemmed in on all sides by the enemy, the Austrian General Medas sent to Suwarow asking which way he should retire. Suwarow wrote only one word in reply — "Forward!"

3. Edmund Burke said once to the Electors of Bristol: "Applaud us when we run; console us when we fall; cheer us when we recover; but let us pass on — for God's sake let us pass on!"

How fitting these words for our burdened Missionary Secretaries in these strenuous times. Instead of "Let us pass on," the cry comes more appropriately, "*Help us* move forward!" How easily the whole debt could be wiped out if only half our members would even half meet their obligations!

"Away, then, causeless doubts and fears,
That weaken and enthrall;
Wipe off, my soul, thy faithless tears,
And rise to duty's call."

June 26 —Vacation Temptations. Ruth 1: 2; Acts 28: 3.

A famine in Bethlehem caused Naomi and her family to take up a temporary abode in Moab. She supposed they would remain in this strange country only a short time, but ere she could realize it, ten years had elapsed. It was a sad decade, for during the period she was bereft of husband and two sons. However, she held firmly to her faith, and so inspired at least one soul to declare, "Thy God shall be my God."

Paul is shipwrecked at Melita. It is cold and rainy. The savages assist him to make a fire. As Paul throws a bundle of sticks on the blaze, a viper comes out of the heat and fastens itself on his hand. Greatly to the astonishment of the islanders, he receives no injury whatever from the reptile.

These two Scripture scenes enforce the truth that a Christian's influence may always be felt for good among strangers if the faith within throbs and glows with vitality. Naomi and Paul were so situated that to have been careless in their Christian conduct would have been an easy matter. They were deprived of those outward helps which to most of us mean so much. Paul's faith at the critical moment was so unwavering that the natives thought he must be a god.

How common has a vacation become in modern practice. It is something about which everybody talks and for which nearly everybody plans. Not by the few, but by thousands, do people throng to seashore and mountain. Good? Yes, in a way most excellent; but the Christian, and especially the young Christian, needs to beware. Satan never takes a vacation. If anything, this is his most active harvest season. Beware! Temptations are numerous and insidious. They are of the kind that assail us when we are off guard. They overcome us because of a relaxed state.

During the coming vacation period let us, —

1. Guard our standard of noble thinking.

2. Beware of the trashy literature that everywhere flaunts in our faces.

3. Beware, also, of the prevailing small talk — not always as chaste as it should be — and trifling conversation of hotel verandas.

4. Be careful not to allow your ideals of the Christian life to be imperceptibly lowered.

5. Bear in mind that one day in seven is holy to the Lord — during July and August as much as in December and January.

6. Cannot you live your religion so brightly, so consistently, so attractively, that some stranger will say, as did Ruth, "Thy God shall be my God?"

My sincere wish for every dear Epworthian is that this vacation may be the most restful, most inspiring, most satisfactory, ever experienced. May each of you pass the heated season in just such manner as shall prove for your highest good, not only physically, but spiritually. May it form for you a beautiful memory in all after life!

Brockton, Mass.

That safe and thoroughly reliable paper, the *Journal of Commerce*, of New York, in discussing the ability of this nation relatively to endure the strain of even a long and expensive war, calls attention to some very important facts in saying: "In the broadest sense, that ability depends upon our national wealth; and, estimated from that point of test, it is no mere national conceit to claim that our material war resource exceeds that of any other country. According to the computations of the statistician, Michael G. Mulhall, the wealth of the United States was, in 1895, $81,500,000,000, while that of Great Britain was $59,000,000,000, and that of France and Germany combined $88,000,000,000; the wealth of this country, indeed, is equal to nearly one-third of that of all the European countries combined. In the face of this enormous national resource, it is hardly to be regarded as a matter of any serious financial moment to undertake a war with a nation whose wealth is only $11,900,000,000, or about one-seventh that of the United States."

The Wanamaker Store.

For Our Far-Away Friends

A few days ago we acquired a very extraordinary lot of silks at a very extraordinary price. We put them on sale, without saying a word about them, and they were so pretty and so cheap that they sold like the proverbial "hot cakes," or, to use a more up-to-date comparison, like steam yachts in war time.

It occurred to us that these were exactly the kind of goods that would interest some of the many thousands friends with whom we have recently become acquainted through the mails; so, just in time, we withdrew a lot of the prettiest of the silks, and held them for your orders. Here they are — five lots of them, with plenty of choice in each, and samples of any and all waiting for your request.

One lot at 80c. a yard, regularly $1

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OUR BOOK TABLE

Addresses to Women Engaged in Church Work. By the Right Reverend the Bishop of New York. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Price, $1.

This volume is made up of four addresses delivered by Bishop Potter to women especially engaged in church work. His subjects are: "The Great Exemplar," "The Realm of Order," "Ends and Instruments," "Illusions and Ideals," "Wholeness." There is a freshness, vigor and practical helpfulness in these addresses, so characteristic of all that Bishop Potter speaks or writes. The first address is worth the price of the volume. It reads very much as do the sermons of the late Phillips Brooks, and reminds us of him. In this first address the Bishop seeks to show the Christian worker, so often wearied and discouraged, how much her life after all is like that most real of lives lived by her Master. Here is a forceful illustration: "I may remind you how few, after all, were the pauses in that ministry. Undoubtedly Christ had His moments of stillness. But if the story of the Gospels is to be believed, how brief they were! How He hastens, unrestingly, from town to town! How no privacy of friend's house, or entertainer's guest-table protects Him from the sinners and sufferers who throng to touch and hear Him! And yet, shot through and through was all this service with the silver thread of a Divine calmness and peace. His tasks never flurry Him, His work never masters Him, His engagements never enslave Him. On the most urgent errands He yet turns aside and interrupts them. In the most tragic moments (think of the servant of the high priest whose ear Peter cut off) He stops to heal and restore!" Thus does the Bishop reveal phases of the life and work of Christ which have not been previously apprehended. While these addresses were delivered to women, they nevertheless speak to every earnest Christian disciple.

Social Pictorial Satire. Reminiscences and Appreciations of English Illustrators of the Past Generation. By George Du Maurier. With Illustrations. Harper & Brothers: New York and London.

Du Maurier has given us in this pleasing book not only his entertaining reminiscences of great lights among English pictorial artists in social satire, but also his ideas as embodied in his own work and his conceptions of social pictorial satire as a fine art. His light, humorous touch, frank, genial expression, and easy conversational style would make even a technical work delightful. But this is a volume for general readers, the appreciators of the "little pictures in black and white, of little every-day people like ourselves, by some great little artist who knows life well." Du Maurier's dream of the ideal social pictorial artist is for a Dickens or a Thackeray "whose marvelous gift of expression has been changed at his birth into an equal gift of expression by means of the pencil," so that he might bestow on innumerable little pictures in black and white "all the wit and wisdom, the wide culture, the deep knowledge of the world and of the human heart, all the satire, the tenderness, the drollery, and last, but not least, that incomparable perfection of style that we find in what he has written." "Think of the laughter and the tears from old and young, rich and poor, and from the thousands who have not the intelligence or the culture to appreciate great books, or lack time or inclination to read them. . . . There will soon be as many journalists with the pencil as with the pen. The quality of black and white illustrations of modern life is immeasurably higher than it was thirty or forty years ago — its average and artistic quality — and it is getting higher day by day." The interest of the book is popularly enhanced by the fine engravings from *Punch* which have appeared during the last quarter of a century — the best work of John Leech, Charles Keen, and the author.

The Fight for the Crown. A Novel. By W. E. Norris, Author of "Billy Bellew," etc. Harper & Brothers: New York.

This story deals in detail with the Irish question, moderately and impartially; it touches up London political society and pictures Dublin and Irish country life, showing the misery of the poor people with fidelity and interest. An M. P. of large property on the Liberal side, and an English woman of wealth and position dabbling in politics, the daughter of an impoverished Irish landlord, who has turned actress, and a typical young English lord, are the leading characters, all strongly drawn, in the drama of the story which ends by making two couples of the four.

Whether White or Black: A Man. By Edith Smith Davis. Illustrated. Fleming H. Revell Company: Chicago, New York, Toronto. Price, 75 cents.

The author — the cultivated wife of a Methodist minister in a Wisconsin university city — in writing this book, has been actuated by the fact that after thirty-five years of freedom from body slavery, the complete emancipation of the Negro has not yet been attained. She pleads, not for absolute social equality, but for civil rights and social privileges not yet accorded to the colored race. It is more than ordinarily interesting, presenting unknown conditions of real life among the Negroes in a forceful, vivid style.

Children at Home. By Mrs. Mary Johnson, Author of "Aloha and Other Poems," etc. H. H. Carter & Co.: Boston.

The present prominence given to child study is the natural outcome of the tendenc among women toward higher education and development, mentally, morally and spiritually. The best teacher is a wise mother, and the wisest mother is she who directs her thought along the lines best calculated to help her for the difficult task of training children. This practical book embodies a great deal of mother wisdom, the result of one mother's experience, and passed on with a sincere purpose "to try to help other mothers, after having trodden the way herself, seeing her own mistakes and success as well." Every phase of the varied subject is touched upon. The anecdotes cited frequently serve to impress and illustrate a point as well as to enliven the text. There is a great deal of good advice contained in its 300 pages, and very little, if anything, that an experienced, thoughtful mother would not endorse by saying, "That's my idea, exactly!" To the mothers, young and old, who read the helpful pages of this book, we would say: "Knowing these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

Magazines

— The May-June number of the *Methodist Review* opens with an able estimate of the late George Richard Crooks, by Rev. W. F. Anderson. A fine portrait of Dr. Crooks is given as a frontispiece. Under the apt title, "The World-Neighborhood," President Bashford of Ohio Wesleyan presents a strong and interesting article upon the great problem which confronts the nations of the world. The paper upon "Ethical Legislation of the Church," read by Prof. B. P. Bowne of Boston University at the Methodist Congress in Pittsburg last November, and later given by request before the Boston Preachers' Meeting, appears in this issue, followed by Dr. James Mudge's reply — "Reasons against Repeal." "Church Music," by Prof. Hatfield; "A New Departure Proposed," by Dr. A. B. Leonard; "The Triumph of Jargon," by Maurice Thompson; "Tennyson in New Aspects," by Prof. J. B. Kenyon; and "How Jesus Became the Saviour," by Rev. H. G. Bilbie, include the remainder of the contents of this very excellent and ably conducted bi-monthly. (Eaton & Mains: New York.)

— The *Methodist Review* of the Church South for May-June is a strong number. The place of honor is very properly given to Bishop Keener, who writes upon "The Creative Glory in its Two Distinct Realms — the Natural, the Moral." "Higher Criticism and the Monuments," by Prof. J. H. Stevenson, is a scholarly and pertinent article.

Free Medical Advice

You need a doctor many times when you don't call one. You suffer pain in fifty forms and yet won't call the doctor, because you hope that the pain "will go away after a while." And, too, you know by experience, that that first visit of the doctor is generally followed by many others, with the inevitable consequence of a big bill "for professional services." You don't know what to do for yourself or what to take.

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A PREACHER'S REPORT

Interesting Statement by Elder Joel H. Austin of Goshen, Ind.—He Gives Expression to His Thanks.

Elder Joel H. Austin is well known as a preacher, and he is also a registered attorney before every claim department of the Government, and has been more or less engaged in the prosecution of pension claims. He speaks as follows:

"I was a victim of catarrh and had almost constant pain in my head. The trouble was gradually working down on my lungs. I was weak and irresolute. My wife had the grip and Hood's Sarsaparilla cured her. After this I had the same disease and resorted to Hood's. In a short time the aches and pains were relieved and I also saw the medicine was helping my catarrh. In six weeks I ceased to have any further trouble with it and I am now a well man. I had no faith in a permanent cure, but up to this time since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla there has been no return of the disease, and I am thankful for a medicine so intelligently compounded and so admirably adapted to the needs of the system." ELDER JOEL H. AUSTIN, Goshen, Indiana.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills and Sick Headache. 25c.

"The Theology of Modern Fiction" shows wide and critical reading on the part of the writer. "The Contribution of Christian Missions to Sociology," by Rev. J. C. Calhoun, of Japan, is a suggestive paper. (Barbee & Smith: Nashville, Tenn.)

—— The somewhat lurid cover of the May *Century* represents, not a conflagration as one at first sight might imagine, but an "Ascent of the Enchanted Mesa." A fine contribution upon "La Mesa Encantada" is from the pen of F. W. Hodge; and Fernand Lungren gives "Notes on Old Mesa Life." "Submarine Photography" is a curious paper, of much interest. Franklin B. Locke tells all about "Railway Crossings in Europe and America." Other papers and stories and poetry of marked interest abound in this full number. (Century Co.: Union Square, New York.)

—— The *Biblical World* for May is an attractive number. The leading contributions are: "Literary Influence in the Development of Greek Religion," "Influence of the Life and Teaching of Jesus on the Doctrine of God," and "Expository Preaching." (The University of Chicago Press: Chicago.)

—— The *American Journal of Sociology* for May is a portly volume. Paul Monroe writes upon "Possibilities of the Present Industrial System;" W. I. Thomas upon "The Relation of Sex to Primitive Social Control;" and Walter Laidlaw upon "A Plea and a Plan for a Co-operative Parish System." The editorials, reviews, and notes and abstracts, make this issue especially valuable. (University of Chicago Press: Chicago.)

—— *Music* for May is, as usual, filled with contributions of unfailing interest to musicians and music lovers. The frontispiece is a view of the beautiful old hammered iron gates of the Logetto, Campanile of St. Marc. Edward Baxter Perry relates his "Unique Musical Experiences" in Venice. "The Wagner-Nietsche View of Drama" is depicted by Ernest Newman. There are "interviews" with David Bispham and Max Bendix. "Things Here and There," "Minor Mention," etc., are well filled with musical matters and chitchat. (Music Magazine Publishing Co.: Chicago, Ills.)

—— The *American Kitchen Magazine* for May has for a frontispiece a scene not unfamiliar to country readers — a mother and daughter "Making Soft Soap." A lecture by Anna Barrows, entitled "Good Food from the Garden," delivered before the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, is given the leading place. "An American Household in a Neapolitan Suburb" is described by Joseph Y. Bergen, and illustrated. "A Cuban Kitchen" is pictured with both pen and pencil. "Cooking for Invalids," "From Day to Day," and "Menus for May," are departments of practical help to the busy housewife, who is so often discouraged in trying to plan out the family meals. (Home Science Publishing Company: 485 Tremont St., Boston.)

—— The *pièce de résistance* in *Donahoe's Magazine* for May is the profusely illustrated article upon "The Silver Jubilee of Archbishop Corrigan," by Rev. Daniel C. Cunnion. "Sad Days in the Nation's History" includes illustrations of Lincoln's funeral obsequies, President Garfield lying in state, last honors to General Grant, and burial of the sailors of the "Maine." "Thomas Moore and Old Times" is embellished with several pages of medallion illustrations from old prints. Short sketches, stories and poems, in addition to the foregoing, make an entertaining number. (Donahoe's Magazine Co.: 611 Washington St., Boston.)

—— Of special interest in connection with Sirdar Kitchener's recent victory over the Dervishes is Rev. J. C. Seymour's illustrated article on "Fire and Sword in the Soudan," in the *Methodist Magazine and Review* for May. "The 'Glorious Return' of the Vaudois," by the venerable Samuel Smiles, LL. D., describes a stirring episode in the history of the Israel of the Alps. Professor Hovey writes a clever scientific article on "The Mammoth Cave." "A Life of Trust" describes, with pictures, the remarkable story of George Müller. "Mission Work in Japan," another well illustrated article, commemorates the semi-jubilee of the Canadian Methodist Mission in that country. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

Literary Notes

—— The Americo-Spanish war, says the *Literary World*, is causing a brisk demand over the water for Captain Mahan's books on the sea and its heroes.

—— Mr. T. R. Lamont, the artist, who has just died in London, was the original of the Laird, in "Trilby."

—— Miss Molly Elliott Seawell's new novel, "The Loves of the Lady Arabella," will not be published by the Macmillan Company until the autumn. In the meantime it is to appear serially.

—— Mr. Crockett's new story "The Silver Skull," will commence in the August *Pall Mall Magazine*. It is a tale of adventure in Italy in the first quarter of the century.

—— Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's "Caleb West" is now in its second edition, the first 10,000 copies having been exhausted.

—— The Macmillan Company will publish in a few weeks the important work "Diabetes Mellitus and its Treatment," by R. T. Williamson, M. D., M. R. C. P., Medical Register, Manchester Royal Infirmary, etc., with eighteen illustrations, two of which are colored.

—— The appreciation of Sidney Lanier, by Th. Bentzon (Madame Blanc), which the *Living Age* presents in translation in its numbers for May 14 and May 21, is probably the fullest, most discerning and most delicate tribute ever paid to this poet, whose qualities have been imperfectly appreciated among his own countrymen.

—— Dr. Robertson Nicoll is responsible for the announcement that Miss Marie Corelli will visit America in June, as the guest of Mrs. J. Russell Selfridge of Philadelphia, daughter-in-law of Commodore Selfridge, U. S. N.

—— Cassell & Company, Limited, have again added the word New York to their imprint, which now reads London, Paris, New York, and Melbourne. Some years ago the company disposed of its business in America to a separate concern known as the Cassell Publishing Company. This arrangement has now lapsed, and Cassell & Company will publish in the future from their new offices at 7 to 9 West Eighteenth St., the *Magazine of Art*, *Cassell's Magazine*, the *Quiver*, and *Little Folks*.

—— From *Literature* we learn that Mrs. Amelia Barr is engaged on a new novel, the background of which is the passage of the great Reform Bill. She has just returned from a holiday at Old Point Comfort, Virginia, where "the privileges of the Officers' Club" were presented her by the officers of the garrison in Fortress Monroe — an honor never before conferred upon a woman.

—— Richard Harding Davis is *Scribner's Magazine's* chief war contributor, being under agreement to write for no other magazine upon this subject. His first article, "The First Shot of the War," will appear in the July number, to be followed by "The First Bombardment," and a rapid succession of other articles, all to be written from his personal observation on the flagship and despatch boats, and later accompanying the land forces. As is well known, Mr. Davis is also war correspondent for the *London Times*. The articles are to be illustrated by photographs.

—— Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York, will shortly have a sale of all the original water-colors that they have collected during the past ten years for their beautiful art calendars. There will first be an exhibition of them in a well-known art gallery in New York, where they will be offered at tempting prices. They will include work by Madeleine Lemaire, Maud Humphrey, Percy Morgan, Francis Day, Eugène Grivaz, Paul de Longpré, Frances Brundage, J. L. Gerome Ferris, H. W. McVickar, and other well-known artists.

—— Dr. Joseph Parker has celebrated his pulpit jubilee by writing a volume entitled "Christian Profiles in a Pagan Mirror." In this work an enlightened pagan lady is supposed to record, for the benefit of a friend in India, her impressions of English Christians.

—— D. C. Heath & Co., publishers, Boston, are shortly to issue an edition of Bull's "Fridtjof Nansen," translated from the Norwegian by M. R. Barnard and Dr. P. Groth. This is a spirited and enthusiastic narrative of Nansen's early life and his adventures in the Arctic regions. The book is especially suited for supplementary reading in the upper grammar grades, contains many illustrations, and will be ready before the close of the present school year.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Second Quarter Lesson X

SUNDAY, JUNE 5, 1898.

MATT. 27: 11-26.

REV. W. O. HOLWAY, D. D., U. S. N.

JESUS CONDEMNED

I Preliminary

1. GOLDEN TEXT: *Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.* — 1 Tim. 1: 15.

2. DATE: A. D. 30, early in the morning of the day of the Crucifixion, Friday, April 7.

3. PLACE: Jerusalem; the Roman Pretorium.

4. HOME READINGS: *Monday* — Matt. 26: 57-68. *Tuesday* — Matt. 27: 1-14. *Wednesday* — Matt. 27: 15-26. *Thursday* — Luke 23: 1-12. *Friday* — Luke 23: 13-26. *Saturday* — John 19: 1-7. *Sunday* — John 19: 8-16.

II Introductory

Surrounded by His accusers and bound (to prevent escape), Jesus was conducted to Pilate's judgment hall. The priests first endeavored to procure the condemnation of their prisoner on the mere decision of the council. This the procurator denied to grant. Forced, therefore, to present a political accusation — one that would bring the Prisoner within the cognizance of Roman law — they brought forward His claim to royalty. He professes to be "the King of the Jews," they alleged, and tries to persuade the people not to give tribute to Cæsar. Impressed with the absence of anything in Jesus' demeanor or dress to support this charge in an earthly sense, and being acquainted, doubtless, with many details in His history, Pilate asked Him if He was the King of the Jews, and received an affirmative answer. The governor was convinced of the innocence of the Accused as to any seditious purpose or plot, and was disposed to dismiss Him, but his judgment that he found "no fault in the man" was followed by a turbulent repetition of the charge, during which Jesus preserved a dignified silence, even when Pilate, amazed at His strange composure, asked Him why He did not defend Himself.

Matthew omits the episode of the sending of Jesus to Herod, and continues the narrative with the selection of the prisoner to be released at the feast. Among the prisoners awaiting execution was a zealot named Barabbas, who in one of the petty uprisings against the Roman power in which some soldiers had been slain, had been captured, and his life declared forfeit. Pilate now inquired which of the two prisoners — Jesus or Barabbas — should be released to them, and the fickle crowd, instigated by the priests, shouted "Barabbas." What, then, should be done with "the King of the Jews?" "Crucify Him!" Pilate was perplexed. He hoped the people would prefer Jesus to Barabbas. Moreover, a private message had just reached him from his wife, begging him to have nothing to do with condemning "that just man." But the fierce shouts came from every quarter — priests, rabbi, the rabble — "Crucify Him!" The governor was prevailed upon, finally, to give sentence; but first a ceremony was enacted between the Jews and himself, "vain on his part, but of awful significance on theirs." He washed his hands before the people, and protested that he was "innocent of the blood of this just Person," they, on their part, accepted the dreadful responsibility with the cry, "His blood be on us and on our children." It would appear from Acts 5: 28 that they were afterwards eager to disclaim this responsibility; "but the curse of His innocent blood still works upon their scattered race, only to be expiated when their faith brings this Man's blood upon themselves in atonement."

III Expository

11. And Jesus stood before the governor — Pilate. The night before, Jesus had been examined before the Sanhedrin informally, and pronounced "worthy of death." The sentence had been ratified at a regular meeting of the Sanhedrin that met in the early morning. Not having the power to execute him, He was now brought before the Roman governor. Pilate was the sixth (some say fifth) to hold the office. His duties were to collect the revenues and administer justice. His headquarters was at Cæsarea, but he usually came to Jerusalem during the great feasts to preserve order. **Art thou the King of the Jews?** — The first attempt of the priests was to induce Pilate to condemn Jesus without an accusation (John 18: 28-32). As this failed they declared He had forbidden Jews to pay tribute to Cæsar and had proclaimed Himself a king (Luke 23: 2). It was in reply to this political charge that Pilate put the question. **Thou sayest** — that is, "I am." In John's account our Lord first inquires in what sense the governor asked the question, and then, while admitting His kingly claim, explained the nature of His kingdom — that it was "not of this world," and therefore involved no collision with the Roman power.

The Hebrew prisoner who stood before the Roman judge claimed to be the King of men, and eighteen centuries have only verified His claim. There is not a man bearing the Christian name who does not, in one form or another, acknowledge Him to be the sovereign of His soul. The whole fabric of the Christian religion rests on the monarchy of Christ (F. W. Robertson). —— Pilate may well have been perplexed. Christ had claimed to be King; promulgated laws; organized in the heart of Cæsar's province the germ of an imperishable kingdom; entered Jerusalem in triumph, hailed by the throng as King of the Jews; and His arrest had been forcibly resisted by one of His followers. These facts a wily priesthood could easily pervert and exaggerate so as to give color to their accusation (Abbott).

12-14. Accused of (R. V., "by") **the chief priests . . . answered nothing** — "accused of many things" (Mark). Pilate declared to the priests that he could find "no fault" in Jesus; and the priests, excited beyond measure at the threatened failure of their scheme, poured forth a torrent of accusations and reiterations (Luke 23: 5). It was not usual for an accused person to maintain such an impressive silence. **Hearest thou not how many things?** etc. — Pilate could not understand how any Jew could listen composedly, without self-vindication, to this clamor of crimination. **Answered him to never a word** — R. V., "gave him no answer, not even to one word." Says Abbott: "He had already explained to Pilate the nature of His kingdom, and satisfied him that He is innocent of sedition; after that He keeps silence. He will answer honest perplexity, but not wilful slander." **The governor marveled greatly.** — He was not used to such forbearance. Our Lord's reticence seemed unnatural, mysterious.

Among the "many things" referred to in verse 4, was the chief scene of His seditious teachings — Galilee. Catching at the mention of Galilee, Pilate sends Him to Herod Antipas — who had come up to Jerusalem to the Passover — under pretence that He belonged to Herod's jurisdiction. Provoked, however, at receiving no anwer to his questions, and seeing the vehemence of Christ's accusers, Herod, with his soldiers, made a mockery of His regal claims, and sent Him back to Pilate arrayed in the imperial purple (Luke 23: 6-11) (Smith).

15. The governor was wont to release . . . prisoner. — It was a Passover custom, and also practiced occasionally at Roman feasts. Says Schaff: "It was designed to soften the Roman yoke. A turbulent people always sympathizes with criminals condemned by hated rulers. That they should choose the prisoner was a prominent feature."

16-18. A notable prisoner, called Barabbas — either Bar-Abbas, "son of a father," or Bar-Rabbas, "son of a rabbi." His name is given as "Jesus Barabbas" in three MSS. of Matthew. John calls him "a robber." He was probably a zealot who had gathered around him a seditious band and declared open resistance to the Roman rule. The insurrection was not put down without blood. **Whom will ye that I release unto you?** — Pilate probably knew of the popularity of Jesus, and perhaps half expected that the mob would refuse to be led by the priests and demand His liberation. **He knew that for envy they had delivered him.** — Pilate had detected the secret motive of the accusers of Jesus. He knew perfectly well, too, that if Jesus had really plotted to seize the Jewish crown and throw off the Roman yoke, these priests would have sided with Him, and been His most efficient supporters. "It shows, too, his injustice in not protecting Jesus as innocent" (Schaff).

Pilate seems to have known of the Messianic claim. His policy was crooked. He ought to have released Jesus, but he would avoid opposing the council. He chose this expedient, probably with the idea that the popularity of Jesus would lead the multitude to call for His release. But he was outwitted, or at least mistaken. To put Jesus, as yet uncondemned, on a level with Barabbas, was a crime, a cowardly shirking of responsibility, and a blunder; for this proposal placed Pilate in the power of the Sanhedrin. Pilate was not weak and irresolute, but baffled in his purpose by superior cunning. Yet his purpose, like his character, was lacking in moral earnestness; the grand defect of the heathen world at that time. Compare his question, "What is truth?" (John 18: 38) and his mocking tone throughout (Schaff).

19. When he was set down on the judgment seat — R. V., "while he was sitting on the judgment seat." **His wife sent unto him.** — "Tradition has given her the name of Procula. What if Procula had not only been a proselyte, like the wife of a previous Roman governor (Saturninus), but had known about Jesus, and had spoken of Him to Pilate on that evening? This would best explain his reluctance to condemn Jesus, as well as her dream of Him" (Edersheim).

20, 21. Chief priests . . . persuaded the multitude — who really had the decision in the case. The priests harangued the multitude, plying them with arguments, probably to the effect that Jesus was a blasphemer and an imposter, and had been condemned. How could He be divine, and not release Himself from fetters, nor even vindicate Himself? **They said Barabbas.** — So Peter accused them (Acts 3: 14, 15): "Ye denied the Holy One and the Just, and desired a murderer to be granted unto you; and killed the Prince of life."

22. What shall I do then with (R. V., "unto") **Jesus?** — He perceives he has made a false step, but tries to throw the responsibility upon the people. **Let him be crucified.** — The "wild-beast spirit" had gained the ascendency among the people and nothing now but the ignominious and accursed punishment of the cross would satisfy them. Jesus' friends were either overawed or absent.

Pilate did not expect this. Their own law would have punished Jesus by stoning. But Pilate had placed Jesus on a level with Barabbas, and they ask the punishment due to him. They put the Innocent One in the place of the guilty. Thus the details of prophecy in regard to the manner of Christ's death were to be fulfilled. Contrast this demand

with the "Hosannas" of the previous Sunday. Popular movements which do not rest on *moral* convictions are as shifting as the sand. The "voice of the people" when misguided, may be the voice of Satan; yet God overrules even this for good (Schaff)

23. Why, what evil hath he done? — Comparing all the accounts, this was the third time Pilate had put this question. He had proposed to the people to chastise (scourge) Jesus, and let Him go, but the time had gone by for such a tame proposition. Cried out the more — an uproar that would not be quieted. All Pilate's expostulations were drowned in the fierce outcry.

24, 25. Pilate . . . took water and washed his hands. — "The act belonged to an obvious and almost universal symbolism. So in Deut. 21: 6, the elders of a city in which an undiscovered murder had been committed were to wash their hands over the sin-offering and to say, 'Our hands have not shed this blood, neither have our eyes seen it.' Pilate probably chose it, partly as a relief to his own conscience, partly to appease his wife's scruples, partly as a last appeal of the most vivid and dramatic kind to the feelings of the priests and people" (Plumptre). **His blood be on us and our children.** — "No more fearful prayer is recorded in the history of mankind, and a natural feeling has led men to see its fulfilment in the subsequent shame and misery that were for centuries the portion of the Jewish people. We have to remember, however, that but a fractional part of the people were present; that some, at least, of the rulers, such as Joseph of Arimathea, Nicodemus, and probably Gamaliel, had not consented to the deed of blood (Luke 23: 51), and that even in such a case as this it is still true that 'the son shall not bear the iniquity of the father' (Ezek. 18: 20) except so far as he consents to it and reproduces it" (Plumptre).

26. Then — not because Jesus was guilty, not because it was just to condemn Him, but simply because the people thirsted for His blood. **When he had scourged Jesus** (R. V., "but Jesus he scourged") — the usual cruel punishment preceding crucifixion. **Delivered him to be crucified** — that is, to the soldiers appointed for the purpose.

CHURCH REGISTER

HERALD CALENDAR

North Dist. Ep. League annual convention at Union Square Church, Somerville,	May 26
Twenty-third annual convention of the Strafford County S. S. Asso. at Farmington,	June 3
Providence Dist. Pr. Mtg. at East Greenwich, R. I.,	June 6, 7
Concord Dist. Pr. Mtg. at Rumney,	June 6, 7
Manchester Dist. Min. Asso. at First Church, Manchester,	June 7, 8
District Stewards' Mtg. at same place at 1 p. m.,	June 8
Norwich Dist. Min. Asso. at East Glastonbury,	June 13, 14
White Mountain Min. Asso. at North Monroe,	June 13, 14
New England Chautauqua S. S. Assembly at Lakeview, South Framingham, Mass.,	July 18-29
Weirs Camp-meeting,	August 15-20
Claremont Junc. Union Camp-meeting,	Aug. 23-30
Groveton Camp-meeting,	Aug. 29-Sept. 5
Laurel Park Camp-meeting will begin	August 22

Boston University, Quarter Centennial — 1873-1898

QUARTER CENTENNIAL ALUMNI MEETINGS.

Banquet of the Theological Alumni, Hotel Bellevue, Monday, May 30, at 6 p. m. Business Session at 4.30. Banquet of the Law Alumni, Young's Hotel, Thursday, May 26, at 6 p. m. Business Session at 5.30. Banquet of the Medical Alumni, Parker House, Monday, May 30, at 7 p. m. Business Session at 6. Banquet of the Liberal Arts Alumni, Young's Hotel, Monday, May 30, at 6.30 p. m. Business Session at 5.

QUARTER CENTENNIAL CONVOCATION DAY,

Tuesday, May 31.

Business Session of the University Convocation Lorimer Hall, Tremont Temple, at 6.45 p. m.; Invocation by Rev. J. W. Lindsay, S. T. D., first Dean of the College of Liberal Arts and of the Graduate Department. First Public Service of the Quarter Centennial, Tremont Temple, at 7.45 p. m.; Invocation by President Elmer H. Capen, S. T. D., Tufts College; University Convocation Address by Hon. William T. Harris, LL. D., United States Commissioner of Education; Benediction by Rev. J. B. Foote, S. T. D., oldest living alumnus of Boston University.

QUARTER CENTENNIAL COMMENCEMENT DAY,

Wednesday, June 1.

Business Session of the Corporation at 10 a. m. Afternoon exercises at Tremont Temple, 2 o'clock: Invocation by Rev. Timothy Dwight, S. T. D., LL. D., President of Yale University; Address by the Governor, His Excellency Roger Wolcott, LL. D.; Address by the Mayor, His Honor Josiah Quincy; Historical Address by President William F. Warren; Promotion of candidates for degrees.

For the convenience of the specially invited delegates of colleges, learned societies and other organizations, a collation will be served in Isaac Rich Hall, in Ashburton Place, at 6 30 o'clock. The trustees will receive these guests at the same place at 6 o'clock. Collation tickets will be necessary.

Evening exercises at Tremont Temple, 8 o'clock — University Reunion. Invocation by Rev. E. Winchester Donald, S. T. D., Rector of Trinity Church. Speakers: Hon. John D. Long, LL. D, Secretary of the Navy, as representative of President McKinley, and in behalf of the American people (Mr. Long conditionally accepted, but is detained by urgent public duties); Rev. George A. Gordon, S. T. D., pastor of the Old South Church, in behalf of the clergy; Hon. Walbridge A. Field, LL. D., Chief Justice of Massachusetts, in behalf of the legal profession; Rev. James M. Buckley, S. T. D., LL. D., editor of the *Christian Advocate*, in behalf of the press, secular and religious; Rev. Edward E. Hale, S. T. D., senior pastor in Boston, in behalf of Boston authors; Rev. Bishop John F. Hurst, S. T. D., LL. D., Chancellor of the American University, in behalf of the church universal; President Charles W Eliot, LL. D., of Harvard University, in behalf of universities and colleges.

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE SEMINARY COMMENCEMENT. — The 46th annual Commencement of

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ULSTER	New York.
UNION	New York.
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KENTUCKY	Louisville.

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East Maine Conference Seminary, Bucksport, will be held June 5-8. Sunday, June 5, 3 p. m., final religious services conducted by senior class; 7, Baccalaureate sermon by Rev. William Forsythe. Monday, 8 p. m., exercises of elocution department. Tuesday, 1 p. m., meeting of literary societies in respective halls; 3, annual address, by Rev. Marcus D. Buell, D. D., of Boston; 8, Commencement concert, Temple Quartet and soloist, of Boston. Wednesday, 9 a. m., graduation exercises; 8 to 10 p. m. senior reception.

NOTICE. — Owing to the serious illness of Mrs. Thorndike's brother, the East District Ministers' Wives' Meeting is postponed to June 7.

MRS. G. F. DURGIN, Cor. Sec.

RECEPTION AT MEDICAL MISSION. — The Medical Mission at 34 Hull Street, Boston, will give a reception on Thursday, May 26, at the Epworth League House, from 2 p. m. to 9 p. m. All our friends are cordially invited to come and see us on that day. We shall have interesting programs both afternoon and evening. The Medical Mission babies will take a part in the afternoon program. We hope the Epworth Leagues will come in the evening and bring their best music.

HARRIETTE J. COOKE.

MAINE WESLEYAN SEMINARY AND FEMALE COLLEGE. — Anniversary week, June 3-9. Friday, June 3, annual examinations. Sunday, 2 p. m., Baccalaureate by Rev. C. W. Gallagher, D. D., of Lasell Seminary; 7.30, sermon before the religious societies. Monday, examinations; 8 p. m., prize declamations. Tuesday, 9 30 a. m., field athletics; 2 p. m., meeting of trustees; 3.30 art exhibition; 8, physical culture exhibition. Wednesday, 9 a. m., class day; 2 p. m., annual address by Rev. W. H. Huntington, D. D., of Boston University; 3 30, art exhibition; 8, Commencement concert. Thursday, 9 a. m., Commencement exercises.

PORTLAND DISTRICT. — The district stewards' meeting will be held at Chestnut St. Church, Portland, Thursday, June 2, at 2 p. m.

E. O. THAYER.

POST-OFFICE ADDRESS.

Rev. J. W. Day, Bucksport, Maine.

CORRECTION. — In the just-issued Minutes of the New England Conference, in the "Schedule No. 1," for East District, page 116, the statistics for Wakefield, Winthrop, and Wilmington are "mixed" in the following manner: Wilmington items are assigned to Wakefield, Wakefield items to Winthrop, and Winthrop statistics to Wilmington.

A. H. HERRICK.

UNION MEETING. — There will be a union meeting of the North Boston District and Worcester Circuit Preachers' Associations at Sterling Camp-ground, Monday, June 13. Speakers: Rev. Messrs. Kendig, King and Butters.

L. W. ADAMS,
Chairman Ex. Com. Worcester Circ.
A. M. OSGOOD,
Chairman Ex. Com. North Dist.

MANCHESTER DISTRICT. — The annual meeting of district stewards will be held at First Church, Manchester, at 1 p. m., Wednesday, June 8. Let every pastor see that his charge is represented.

G. W. NORRIS.

A partial relief from the trouble and vexation of dressmaking would be a great boon to a multitude of ladies. The enterprising firm of Messrs. Gilchrist & Co., Winter St., offer for a week to come to make skirts to order for a surprisingly low price. After the cloth has been selected, the customer will be relieved from further trouble, as competent dressmakers are employed by this firm, and they warrant perfection in "fit and workmanship" and "promptness in delivery." See advertisement in another part of our paper.

PUNDITA RAMABAI. — A public meeting will be held in Trinity Chapel, Friday, May 27, at 3 p. m., at which Pundita Ramabai will be accompanied by her daughter, and will speak.

OPEN TO RECEIVE CALLS. — Being without a definite field or regular work, I am open to receive calls for special sermons, addresses, lectures, or to supply pulpits for a longer or shorter period, or aid in evangelistic services. Apply early, and address 86 Vernon St., Brookline, Mass.

A. B. KENDIG.

MAINE EPWORTH LEAGUE STATE CONVENTION. — This convention is to be held on Northport camp-ground, Sept. 7 and 8. An excellent program has been prepared, with addresses by Revs. E. M. Taylor, of Boston, and Luther Freeman, of Portland. Reduced prices for board; reduced rates on all railroad and steamboat lines.

SADIE A. LOWELL, Sec.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE CHURCH AID SOCIETY. — At the annual meeting of this Society, held May 4, the following assignments were made for taking Church Aid collections: —

EAST DISTRICT

Ballardvale — Wilmington, Middleton, Topsfield So. Lawrence, No. Andover, People's Church (Haverhill), Groveland, Ballardvale.

Orient Heights — Saratoga St. and Meridian St. (East Boston), Winthrop, Mt. Bellingham and Walnut St. (Chelsea), Orient Heights, and all the churches in Lynn.

Revere — Churches in Newburyport and Gloucester, Byfield, Ipswich, Beverly, Revere.

Everett — Everett.

West Medford — West Medford.

Faulkner Church, Malden — all the remaining churches on East District.

SOUTH DISTRICT

Franklin — Bromfield St., Dorchester Church, People's Temple, St. John's (South Boston), Allston, City Point, Winthrop St, Stanton Ave., Mattapan, Hollis ton, Parkman St., Highlandville, Walpole, So. Walpole, Plainville, Norwood, Revere St., Franklin.

Forest Hills — Appleton Church, Baker Memorial, Bethany, Dorchester St, Eglesto n Square, Highland Church, First Church and St. Andrew's (Jamaica Plain), Mt. Bowdoin, Tremont St., Brookline, Dedham, Hopkinton, Hyde Park, Atlantic, West Quincy, Wollaston.

Oxford — Wales, Charlton City, Spencer, Webster, Cherry Valley, Millbury, Whitinsville, East Douglas, Uxbridge, Westboro, Southville, Milford, West Medway, Saxonville, Oakdale and Princeton, Lunenburg, Berlin, Natick.

Upton — Upton.

Worcester City Missions — Churches in Worcester. All Swedish churches to Gardner Swedish.

NORTH DISTRICT

Waltham — Fitchburg, Harvard St., Grace, Epworth, Trinity (Cambridge), Newton Centre, Temple St. (Boston), Newton, Newtonville, Auburndale, First Church (Somerville), St. Paul's, Worthen St., Highlands, Central Church (Lowell), and the balance of North District not assigned to other churches.

Newton Highlands — Trinity (Charlestown), West Fitchburg, Hudson, Leominster, Marlboro, Maynard, Emmanu-El (Waltham), Watertown, Winchester, East Pepperell, Newton Lower Falls, Newton Upper Falls.

Cochituate — Flint St., Broadway (Somerville), Clinton, Woburn, So. Framingham.

WEST DISTRICT

Brightwood, Springfield — Brightwood, Asbury, Grace Church, St. Luke's, Trinity, State St.

East Templeton — East Templeton, Gardner, Winchendon, Athol, Hubbardston, Barre, Orange and South Athol.

Ware — Ware, Bernardston, Gill, Greenfield, Leyden, Colrain, Shelburne Falls, Charlemont, Conway, Amherst, Belchertown, Bondsville, Southbridge, No. Brookfield, Brookfield, Warren, West Brookfield, Monson, Wilbraham, Westfield, East Longmeadow, Ludlow Centre, Mittineague, West Springfield, Northampton, Florence, Easthampton, Highlands and Appleton St. (Holyoke), So. Hadley Falls, Chicopee, Chicopee Falls, Enfield, North Dana, and all the other unassigned churches on the West District.

The attention of those who are to take these collections is especially called to the following conditions, on which only they are authorized to take them. And no one is authorized to solicit money from the churches until he has notified the secretary of his willingness to comply with these.

1. All moneys raised in collections or by personal solicitation shall be paid to the treasurer of the Church Aid Society, and by him paid to the treasurers of the societies to which territory is assigned. And no money can be used for any purpose until it has so passed through the treasury of the Society.
2. No part of the collections is to be used for interest on debts, or for traveling expenses.
3. The collections shall be taken by the agents of the Society as early in the year as possible, and no agent shall solicit subscriptions in the field assigned to another until the territory has been canvassed by the agent to whom it was assigned.

GEO. S. CHADBOURNE, Sec. and Treas.

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Stewart Hartshorn
GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

GENERAL CONFERENCE
OF THE
Methodist Episcopal Church, South

[Continued from page 648]

Bishop Emeritus, was fixed at $3,600; that of Bishop Keener at $3,000; that of the widows of Bishops at $1,000.

Two resolutions were offered to the Conference, and, after debate, were adopted by a vote of 122 to 17: —

Resolved, 1. It is the sense of this General Conference that our Methodism has never recognized or encouraged any such spirit as candidacy for the various connectional or other offices of the church.

2. That we do hereby enter our serious protest against the publication of any article, either editorial or communicated, in any of our church organs or church periodicals, and against any other methods which tend to foster in any measure an unwarranted rivalry for official preferment.

One of the most important items adopted on Saturday morning was the putting in the hands of a commission of ten educators the establishment of a standard of minimum requirement in the colleges under the auspices of the Church South for the degree of A. B.; and also the establishment of a standard to which academies or secondary schools must come.

At the close of the morning session, electric cars were taken at the door of the Armory, and the delegates and hundreds of other guests were carried to the pier, where the commodious steamer "Louise" received them, and the party (1,400 in all) enjoyed a delightful trip to Annapolis. The excursion was arranged by the local committee on entertainment, Jasper M. Berry, chairman. Lunch was freely served on the down trip. The State capitol, over one hundred and thirty years old, with its quaint interior and exterior, its rare paintings, statuary, great library, and the halls of the Senate and House of Delegates, was a source of joy to the many visitors; while the Naval Academy with its broad lawns, captured French cannon, drill rooms, gymnasium, dormitories, dining hall, training ship "Monongahela," etc., provided an unusual attraction for a large portion of the guests who had never before visited a seaport or a large seagoing United States vessel. Fort McHenry, where once the nation's flag flung to the breeze "by the dawn's early light" inspired Francis Key to write "The Star Spangled Banner," was another object of great attraction.

Sunday morning found us at the First Methodist Episcopal Church, the religious centre of Dr. Goucher's Woman's College. The sermon was delivered by the British delegate, Rev. Dr. W. T. Davison, and was a most lucid, forceful and inspiring exposition of the Scripture, "See that thou make all things according to the pattern that was showed thee in the mount." A large and deeply-interested audience listened to the unfoldings of this suggestive text.

In the afternoon we attended the immense gathering of Sunday-schools of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, from all the schools of the city of Baltimore, in the great Armory auditorium. The floor-space was crowded and the galleries well filled. The brilliant flower-bedecked hats of the children, as viewed from the gallery, presented a vast parterre of color most attractive to the eye, while the rising sound in billowy cadences from the sweet-voiced children was inspiring.

At Calvary Church, South, in the evening, an audience which packed the church, vestibule and all approaches met to hear Dr. Samuel P. Jones — our plain "Sam" Jones. The people were disappointed, as the expected speaker did not appear; but Bishop C. B. Galloway, providentially present, stepped into the gap and gave a never-to-be-forgotten sermon on "Bearing the Marks of the Lord Jesus." Illustrating the necessity of heroism in doing duty in all hours, he said that he was present at the capital of Louisiana when the Louisiana Lottery had by bribery or otherwise secured the favorable action of both branches of the Legislature to a renewal of the infamous lottery franchise, some years ago. The Governor had lost an arm on a Virginia battlefield, a leg at another place, and an eye at still another; but when the bill was placed before him for his gubernatorial endorsement and signature, he lifted himself up as best he could, and said, "Gentlemen, rather than sign this infamous act, I would have this remaining arm torn from its socket, and hasten back to Virginia to lay it beside its companion. I'll never sign it."

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union came in for its share of discussion at the Monday morning session. The political pronouncements of the organization were deprecated, but the active spirit of the temperance work was highly lauded. The report, after amendment, was adopted.

The election, or non-election, of the president of the Epworth League by the quarterly conference, was a fruitful theme of much discussion. Many sides of the question were stated, and the final action gave the Leagues the right to choose their presidents provided they shall not become permanent till approved by the quarterly conference. The presidents are to become members of the quarterly conference, provided they are not women, as such cannot, by episcopal decision, become members of said body.

Monday evening was devoted to the jubilee of the missionary work of the Church South, with addresses by prominent members.

Tuesday, the fateful day for the church in its best sense, came in beautifully clear and cool, as seemed the minds and hearts of the delegates. After preliminary business, the election of Bishops came before the house. No nominations were made and none are allowed. The delegations rose. Each delegate passed his written ballot to the chairman of his delegation. As the teller came to the delegation, the chairman counted out the number of ballots, and the number was publicly registered by the secretary. All delegations having voted, the tellers came to the platform. All votes were deposited in a hat. As the chairman of the tellers took out a vote, and called it out distinctly, the assistant secretary repeated the name and marked it as one against the candidate's name on his tally sheet. All over the room the tally was also kept by scores of delegates, and by at least three of the Bishops. At the close of the announcement it was found that there were three delegates who were almost "tied," but none of them had received a majority of the ballots cast. These were Rev. Dr. E. E. Hoss, of the Holston Conference, 102 votes; Rev. Dr. H. C. Morrison, of the Louisville Conference, 101 votes; Rev. Dr. Warren A. Candler, of the North Georgia Conference, 100 votes. There were scattering votes, Dr. Tigert receiving 27 and Dr. Coke Smith 42. There was no election. The Conference proceeded to vote again, the result being the most surprising fact that, though the Conference were to elect only two Bishops, they did actually give three candidates more than enough to elect — Dr. Candler receiving 148, Dr. Morrison 140, and Dr. Hoss 129, the number necessary to elect being 128. This state of affairs created great confusion. Motions and counter motions in abundance followed. Many desired to have the election of Dr. Hoss pronounced declared, as he had received one more vote than necessary to elect, while others maintained that as the Conference had only intended to elect two Bishops, therefore the two highest on the tally should be so pronounced elected. After much discussion and counter-action, the Conference adjourned, leaving the matter *in statu quo*.

On Wednesday, contrary to general expectation, the subject of the possible election of Dr. Hoss as Bishop, he having received more than a majority of votes, did not in any way come before the General Conference. Dr. Hoss personally interposed his veto, as we understand. The good-will of his brethren was manifested, however, in giving him 221 out of 241 votes cast for the editorship of the *Christian Advocate* at Nashville, which office he has already held for eight years.

The fraternal delegate from the British Wesleyan Conference, Rev. Dr. W. T. Davison, offered his credentials, and at 11.30 presented the greetings of the mother church to this her daughter of the Church South. Dr. Davison's diminutive physique belies his power. Wit, incisive thought, patriotic spirit, logic on fire, facts made lucid — all won the hearts and the heads of the delegates. The Professor opened his address by very strong expressions of sympathy on his own part and that of the mother church and the motherland in these our hours of war's rude alarms. He said: —

"When I landed on your shores a few weeks ago, war had just been declared between your country and Spain. I want to digress a moment to express on behalf of the church I represent and the country from which I come the strong sympathy we have for you in the present crisis in your national history. It is not necessary for me to say that England is entirely on your side in this war. Our nation can appreciate more perhaps than some other nations the righteousness of your cause. The barbarities in Cuba too long outraged human feeling in this country, and you were at last driven to trust the issues of the matter to the arbitrament of war. We appreciate the lofty nature of your motives. We are assured that only the claims of the highest humanity force you reluctantly into this struggle.

"We congratulate you on the splendid victory at Manila, and I may say also that we have no fears as to the final outcome of the war. Although war is an evil thing in itself, it is probable that good will come out of this struggle. I think it may be an epoch-making war with you, and there may be several things for your country to learn from it. It may be that out of it will come a larger sense of your responsibility abroad among other nations. But whatever else comes from it, I sincerely trust that it will result in binding together in still closer fellowship our two nations."

Three ballots were taken for the Church Extension secretary, there being many candidates. Rev. Dr. P. H. Whisner, presiding elder of the Staunton District, Baltimore Conference, was chosen on the last ballot.

At 8 o'clock Wednesday evening one of the largest audiences yet seen in the Armory gathered to greet the fraternal delegates of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Bishop Hargrove welcomed them with appropriate and loving words.

Rev. Dr. J. F. Berry, editor of the *Epworth Herald*, spoke first. Speaking on "Methodism in the Twentieth Century," he claimed that such a century will need a progressive Methodism; it must have a doctrinal Methodism; evangelistic forces must dominate; Methodism must be socialistic in the best sense; relentless war must be waged against the ruinous rum traffic; Christian education must have increasing emphasis given it, the engineries of connectional Methodism should be maintained and increased; the church should be put to the forefront as God's mighty agency to reach the masses.

The second fraternal delegate, Hon. Jonathan P. Dolliver, was received with prolonged applause, and expressed his joy at exhorting after Dr. Berry's excellent sermon. He was brought up in Virginia, and therefore felt at home in the Southern General Conference. He gladly preserves the heraldry of the itinerancy — the saddlebags of the circuit-rider — in his home. Methodism in its human aspect sprang from men whose names never appeared in print save in the Annual Conference Minutes. The speaker spoke lovingly of the men and women who laid the foundations of our early church, and he eloquently pictured the work of the itinerant of days *lang syne*, his sacrifices and his successes; and the great audience broke into heartiest

applause long continued. The Methodist meeting-house has been the outpost of civilization. "I salute the superannuated preachers of Methodism!" he cried. He closed by saying: —

"In every quarter of the church the earnest hope of our people is that the day of final reconciliation is at hand. And as I have listened to Dr. Berry and caught the spirit of his prophetic outlook of the century that is just at hand, the things in which we differ have seemed so small, and the things in which we are completely one so great, that I have not even tried to conceal my own confidence that the *day is come*. Surrounded by the venerated leaders of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in this capital city of Methodism, amid surroundings made dear and sacred to all our hearts, by the landmarks of our common history and by the trophies of our common inheritance, I appeal to the Methodist millions of America for the reunion of the household of our common faith."

On Thursday J. D. Barber was elected Senior Book Agent, and D. M. Smith Junior Book Agent. Rev. Dr. W. R. Lambuth, of Nashville, and Rev. J. H. Pritchett, of Albany, Mo., were elected Missionary Secretaries.

In the afternoon the newly-elected Bishops were consecrated. Bishop Wilson preached the ordination sermon from 1 Timothy 3: 14, 15.

Rev. Dr. E. E. Hoss, writing from Baltimore of the effort to elect an independent general secretary of the Epworth League for the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, says: "The movement to create a general secretary for the Epworth League failed, though it was championed by many enthusiastic friends. The feeling of the most thoughtful members is that the present organization, if efficiently worked, is adequate; and that the further multiplication of expensive machinery would do more harm than good."

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THE CONFERENCES

VERMONT CONFERENCE

St. Albans District

We are getting nicely adjusted to the surprises of "the reading off" at Springfield, and to the surprises that have occurred since then. Six pastors are returned for the fifth year, and others would have been if the expressed desire of the people had been gratified. At *Danville* and *West Danville* Rev. F. E. Currier, at *Hardwick* Rev. W. S. Smithers, at *Lyndon* and *Lyndonville* Rev. W. C. Johnson, at *Marshfield* Rev. S. G. Lewis, at *St. Johnsbury* Rev. Thomas Tyrie, and at *Williamstown* Rev. J. O. Sherburn, all begin the work of the fifth year under most pleasant and hopeful circumstances.

Hardwick. — Here they are planning to either build a new church or to so completely remodel the old one as to make it practically new.

East Concord. — Our church was burned in April, but they already have in the foundation of a new edifice on a more eligible site. The old church was very near the railroad track, and the services were often interrupted by the whistling of passing trains. The new church will be far enough away not to be embarrassed by the cars, and yet will not inconvenience any one. The pastor, Rev. W. J. McNeil, is giving much personal work to the enterprise.

Receptions. — We have learned of a few of the receptions which have been accorded the pastors, some of them to new pastors, and some of them just as sincere and cordial to those who have returned for further service in the same fields. An enthusiastic reception was given Rev. W. S. Smithers at *Hardwick*, and to Rev. F. E. Currier at *Danville*, with a generous donation included. At *Barton Landing* they have given Rev. J. A. Dixon a cordial welcome. They parted with the retiring pastor, Rev. B. F. Rowland, Ph. D., with great reluctance, but rejoice in the satisfactory arrangements made for them. At *Barre* the reception to Rev. A. E. Atwater was more than a church affair. Addresses of welcome on behalf of the Methodist church, of the other churches in the city, and of the citizens generally, were given, and a sumptuous banquet was served. Of other receptions given and of auspicious openings for the new year we have no definite information. We are hoping and praying that these favorable indications point to a year of unusual success in all the charges. If the brethren will keep this scribe informed in regard to the prosperity of the Lord's work, we shall be glad to record it among these chronicles of the churches' doings in this corner of the great field. H. A. S.

St. Johnsbury District

Lyndonville. — Relatives and friends of Mr. and Mrs. George G. Morrison gathered at the Methodist church, May 11, to extend hearty congratulations on the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. A pleasing musical and literary program was rendered, consisting of an original poem by a niece, Miss J. Adelaide Marshall, of St. Johnsbury, solos by Mrs. B. G. Morrison and Mrs. B. H. Pierce, with a quartet for chorus, and a reading by Mrs. Nantie Evans. H. L. Parker acted as master of ceremonies. The words of the pastor, Rev. W. C. Johnson, were retrospective, bringing into view to some extent the faithful work of Mr. and Mrs. Morrison for the chosen church of their early years, referring to the long years of Mr. Morrison's service as class-leader and superintendent of the Sunday-school, and speaking, also, of the admirable social qualities of the honored couple, and of the home that has always been open to the itinerant preacher. Rev. P. B. Fisk, of the Congregational Church, spoke of his pleasant relations with the Morrisons from the inception of the church organization at the Ville, and of the delightful occasion twenty-five years before, when he had been privileged to wish them a golden wedding. Mr. Fisk then read his original poem used on the twenty-fifth anniversary. Judge Gleason spoke of the influence of Mr. Morrison as a citizen, and Rev. S. H. Alling, of the Episcopal Church, showed what such lives had meant as a power for good in the community. Mrs. Joseph Morrison, a brother's widow, was privileged to be present — the only one who witnessed the nuptials fifty years ago, performed by Rev. Joseph Clark, of Bradford, Vt. Mr. and Mrs. Morrison have been connected with the following churches, among whose membership friendships have been formed for eternity: Bradford, 1840; Bromfield St., Boston, 1844; Bradford, 1848; St. Johnsbury, 1862; Lyndonville, 1868; Pasadena, Cal., 1887; Lyndonville, 1891. Mr. Morrison has been a subscriber for ZION'S HERALD for over forty years. Words of commendation are due from all to Mrs. J. A. Marshall, of St. Johnsbury, for planning and laboring assiduously to make this rare event a complete success. W. C. J.

MAINE CONFERENCE

Portland District

Portland, Congress St. — Rev. W. F. Berry and family were welcomed to the work of their second year at a reception tendered in the vestry, Wednesday evening, May 4. Addresses were made by A. Griffin, W. Leighton and G. M. Donham; a pleasing musical program was rendered, and light refreshments were served. The Y. P. S. C. E. have renovated their room in the church, and Wednesday evening, May 11, they had a most delightful social reunion. A dainty and abundant supper was served, followed by music and toasts, in which the religious and patriotic blended.

Saco. — The opening official board meeting found bills all paid and a small balance in the treasury. An informal reception was given the pastor, Rev. E. C. Strout. The vestry was trimmed with United States and Cuban flags, and the ex-

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ercises took on a jubilantly patriotic tone, as the news of Dewey's victory had just come.

Biddeford. — An improved financial plan has been adopted, which gives the stewards their legitimate work as collectors. A return to Disciplinary plans for raising church funds would make all our churches more business-like, and would solve many problems. The pastor and wife had a very pleasant reception and the work opens well. The weekly calender for announcements is a good model for other churches to adopt.

Knightville. — Rev. D. R. Ford has brought his bride to his new charge, and they enter upon their work with large hopes for success. The people gave them a cordial reception.

South Portland. — The official board received the pastor, Rev. W. F. Holmes, and family on Wednesday evening, May 11. He is winning his way into the hearts of the people, and we prophesy a year of prosperity. E. O. T.

NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE

Concord District

Gilmanton is pleased at the return of Rev. Wm. Magwood, and will do their best for his support. The congregations are very good.

Gilford. — There is pleasure because Rev. C. H. Fisher has been reappointed. The second Sunday evening of the year two young men gave themselves to the Lord, and the next day one of them went into camp with his company ready for the war. The people of this church are greatly delighted to have Rev. S. P. Heath and his good wife move into their village. Their presence is a benediction. They never in the slightest degree hinder the pastor, but are a great help in every way.

Laconia, Trinity. — This plucky company is taking hold of the year's work with much courage. They have lost some of their best helpers, who have gone from the place, so that it cuts down their working force and their paying ability. Still they are not discouraged and are determined to succeed. Rev. C. E. Eaton is very helpful with encouraging words. A few evenings ago they surprised the occupants of the parsonage by coming in a party of about fifty to express their pleasures at the pastor's return. They left $7 in cash, and a lot of provision. They have paid some on the deficiency reported at Conference.

First Church. — About seventy-five people attended the reception given Rev. A. L. Smith on his return for a third year. The work opens well. The converts of last winter are at work. Plans are being made to expend $1,000 or more in church repairs.

East Tilton. — The people here were much disappointed to lose Rev. D. H. Gerrish, but have very loyally accepted Rev. F. O. Winslow, and the work begins well.

Weirs. — The little company at this place are greatly pleased over their appointment. They think Rev. D. H. Gerrish is just the man, and are planning to work with him. They hope from all sources to raise for pastoral support $400.

Camp-Meeting, Weirs. — This meeting is to be held August 15-20. We hope for a rally of all the forces.

Suncook. — This people have provided one of the finest parsonages in the Conference for their pastor. When Rev. R. T. Wolcott and family arrived they were escorted to the new home and found all things in readiness for them. The night selected for the reception proved a very rainy one, yet a large company was present to extend greeting, and see the new home. The only complaint some of the people make is that the quarterly conference did not put the pastor's claim as high as they should. If some of the members had been present who were not, no doubt it would have been more than was finally fixed upon.

Plymouth. — This substantial people have accorded a very kindly welcome to Rev. J. H. Emerson and family. Some of them were sick before coming, and since their arrival the pastor's wife has been quite ill, but all are well now, and entering heartily into the work. The pastor is pushing the pastoral work with his accustomed vigor, and already has seen a large number of the people. The financial plans for the year are well under way. Repairs are to be made — just to what extent is not yet decided upon; but it is settled that the house shall be newly shingled, and the committee are at work.

Plans are being formulated for the Groveton Camp-meeting, which will be held Aug. 29 to Sept. 3.

Bristol. — The residence of Rev. George J. Judkins, at Bristol, will be open for a few regular adult boarders through June, July and August.

Groveton and *Stratford.* — The pastor, Rev. E. R. Perkins, has entered heartily into the work of the second year on this charge. He means to push every interest. The results of last year's revival abide. Thoughts for the salvation of souls are in mind, and a campaign will be organized early to push the battle against sin.

The cold weather in the north part of the district hinders all the outdoor work both for farmers and ministers. B.

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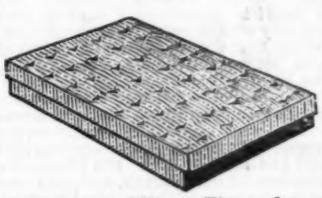

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OBITUARIES

Loving friends! be wise, and dry
Straightway every weeping eye;
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear.
'Tis an empty seashell, one
Out of which the pearl is gone;
The shell is broken, it lies here;
The pearl, the all, the soul, is there.

* * * * * * * * *

And the man whom you call "dead"
In unspoken bliss instead
Lives, and loves you; lost, 'tis true,
To the light which shines for you;
But in light ye cannot see
Of unfulfilled felicity,
And enlarging paradise,
Lives the life that never dies.

—*Edwin Arnold.*

Smith.—Rebecca A. Smith died at the Wardwell Home for Aged Ladies, Saco, Maine, Sept. 13, 1897, aged 70 years.

She had known trouble and sorrow, and had been bereft of her entire family of husband, daughter and three sons. Faithfully ministering as wife and mother until the last dear one had slipped away, she took up the burden of her lonely life and quietly, without complaint, walked the Christian way until called to reunion and rest in the Father's house. She had been a member of Foss St. Church, Biddeford, for thirty-six years. C. W. B.

Sands.—Hannah Sands, an aged member of the Biddeford Church, died in the Wardwell Home, Saco, of which she had been an inmate nearly seven years, Oct. 24, 1897.

She was a great sufferer, and had been confined to an invalid's chair for three years, but was invariably patient and cheerful. It hurt her to hear others find fault, as she seemed only to see the bright side of things. She was an intense Methodist and a member of old Foss St. society in particular. She was also stanch in her loyalty to her Home, and never failed to praise the good work it was doing. She had never married, but her heart was given to the Divine Bridegroom. C. W. B.

Littlefield.—Charles J. Littlefield was born in Wells, Maine, Oct. 12, 1835, and died in Roxbury, Mass., Nov. 28, 1897.

In early manhood he left his native place and came to Boston, entering into business in East Boston, where he made his home for many years. He was converted under the labors of the late Rev. R. W. Allen, D. D., and joined the church now known as the Saratoga St. Church, where he at once entered into active religious work, which he continued, in one capacity or another, up to the limit of his strength to the day of his death.

In 1856 he was married to Miss Anna Stewart, of East Boston, who, with one daughter and a fondly cherished grandson, survives him.

In the early '60s he removed to South Boston, when he joined the old D Street Church during the pastorate of Rev. Geo. W. Mansfield, and was one of its most earnest workers and liberal supporters during the building of the new church on Broadway, now known as St. John's Church. Here for several years he was superintendent of the Sunday-school and musical director. In these offices he was most efficient. The school increased in membership until the average was nearly 400.

He did not confine his work to his own church, but organized the first "Praying Band" in the vicinity of Boston, and was chosen its leader. This Band did efficient work in many of the churches. He had marked gifts for evangelistic work. In exhortation and persuasion he had few equals. In singing he had great power to hold the attention and thrill the hearts of saved and unsaved. In 1872 he was called by the Y. M. C. A. committee to canvass the State as a lay evangelist. In the four years devoted to this work he canvassed many of the cities and towns of the State. Being chairman of the executive committee, he made the plans for two and three days' meetings. He would begin services at 9.30 A. M. and continue them all day and evening, with short intermission for dinner and supper. His labors were incessant during the week and Sundays. In nearly every place visited the revival fires burned, the churches uniting were quickened, and souls were saved. But these four years of constant work caused his health to fail, and he was compelled to relinquish it, greatly to his own regret and that of all who were interested in his revival services. He then gave his time to business and the home church of which he was a member.

In 1881 he removed to Roxbury, and became greatly interested in the work of the People's Temple. He threw his old-time energy of mind and body into the work of that church during its earlier history. Here he was superintendent of the Sunday-school, director of the music, and the organizer and promoter of many plans for the benefit and growth of the church. In 1886, during the pastorate of Dr. A. B. Kendig, he became connected with the Winthrop St. Church. He was soon chosen superintendent of the Sunday-school and leader of the choir, in which position he rendered the best of service. He also had a large Bible class, and held this position as long as health would permit. So great was his love for the work that he continued in it even when failing health and strength forbade his doing so. None can know how his heart was bound up in the work of the Master; neither can any know how great were his sufferings in the years when his life was drawing to its close.

A good man, with remarkable ability for leading men to Christ, has gone from us to dwell evermore in the land where there is no pain nor sorrow. His memory will long abide with us. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord . . . they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

J. H. MANSFIELD.

Willis.—Mrs. Harriet Newell Kendrick, widow of the late Asa Willis, died in Marshfield, Mt., March 20, 1898, in her 83d year.

She was converted at the age of sixteen, united with the Methodist Episcopal Church in Plainfield, Vt., and kept faithful covenant with the church for sixty-six years till called to the church above. When twenty-eight years of age she married Mr. Willis as his second wife, and became the mother of three children — Mrs. Martha C. Heath, Mrs. Mary Cahill, and Mrs. Hattie Bond — all residents of Marshfield. Mrs. Willis was a widow thirty-eight years, and for the last twenty years has made her home with her daughter, Mrs. Cahill. When her advanced years and ill health did not permit her to attend church the Bible became a more precious book to her, especially for reading on the Lord's day, and this, with other religious matter, particularly ZION'S HERALD, occupied most of her time on that day.

She had a strong love of life, and it seemed pleasant to her to live, but when the change came she was ready to go. She suffered much during the last hours of her life, but retained her consciousness to the last. She died on the Sabbath, and her funeral occurred the Tuesday following, in charge of the writer.

A faithful wife, a devoted mother, a good Christian woman now rests from her labors, and her works follow her. A. L. COOPER.

Woodbury.—Hiram Woodbury died in Salem, N. H., May 17, 1898, aged 75 years, 4 months, 22 days. He was born on Christmas day, in 1822, in the same school district in which he died and in which he always resided.

He was converted in early life, and joined the Wesleyan Methodist Church, which at that time had a society and a house of worship near his father's home. After the discontinuance of the Wesleyan society, the Freewill Baptists organized a church, and Mr. Woodbury connected himself with that body. When that society ceased to maintain services, he joined the Salem, Pleasant St., Methodist Episcopal Church. Thus for nearly sixty years he was a faithful and consistent member of the church of our Lord Jesus Christ. All who knew him testify to his uprightness of character, blameless conversation, and godliness of life. His three sons are all members of the church, and they feel that they cannot overestimate the blessings that have come to them through a father's prayers, wise training, and Christlike example in the model home of their boyhood and youth.

Mr. Woodbury was stricken suddenly, and survived only one week. On his last Lord's day he testified: "I shall soon see Him face to face." On Monday, in an interval of consciousness, he said to a son who was caring for him: "It will be better for me to dwell with God than to stay here and suffer." On Tuesday he entered into his rest.

He is survived by her to whom he had been the kindest and best of husbands for nearly fifty-three years, and who now, in age and much physical infirmity, is sustained by God's grace in the believer's full assurance and in the joyful hope that the separation cannot be long. S. E. QUIMBY.

Church.—Mrs. Sarah Church, for sixty years a member of West Duxbury Methodist Episcopal Church, passed to her eternal reward, after a short illness, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Elisha Sampson, at Ashdodd, April 30, 1898.

She has lived for some time with her daughter, Mrs. R. E. Lander, of Cambridge, since the death of her husband, and was making a visit when the end came. She leaves several children and grandchildren, before whom the good example, so long marked in the quiet, faithful life of one deeply loved, will still stand in fond memory and bear its fruit of influence for Christian character and life.

The funeral service was held at the home of her last illness, in the presence of many friends and relatives, on Monday afternoon, May 2. Rev. L. H. Massey officiated, using for his text, 2 Cor. 5: 8-9.

L. H. MASSEY.

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W. F. M. S. GOLD DUST FROM INDIA

— Medical work of the W. F. M. S. in India in 1897: Prescriptions, 20,362; patients in hospitals, 271; patients in dispensaries, 11,916; zenana visits, 55,000.

— The following compose Miss Stephens' helpers in Madras: "Joseph, the village teacher and preacher, once a poor famine boy; Devadasen, the village teacher and preacher, once a sorcerer; John, the teacher and preacher of righteousness, once the Swami, or god of hundreds of villages; Elizabeth, the evangelist, whose crown studded with saved souls will outshine a monarch's diadem, once the disreputable, besotted woman; Sooboonagam, who has chosen affliction and poverty that she might know Christ and the fellowship of His sufferings. They made their way to the village where John lives, a vile place, known as the village of the 'Seven Burning Grounds.' There, where everything speaks of death, they sang songs of praise to Him who is the resurrection and the life."

— Mrs. Hassam Khan writes: "In February a revival meeting was held at Kasgunj, in which some 180 sisters joined. Services were held twice or thrice daily for four or five days; all sang the songs of His praise, and many gave testimony of their deliverance from sin, saying: 'Now we are the children of Christ.' Every face glowed with heavenly light and pleasure. The meeting being over, the wives of the preachers in charge were called and asked to go around their circuits in bands, and teach all who would receive them. They were advised to give special instruction to new converts, that they, too, might be cleansed and receive the Holy Ghost. [All these assistants are native women.]

"In the end of March a meeting for self-support was held at Kasgunj. Numbers of the sisters came to the meetings, and many were filled with the Holy Spirit. They joined in the prayers and sang praises. In self-support I noticed the sisters gave gladly for Christ the articles they could afford, such as meal, beans, pulse, clothes, copper pice, shells, etc. Most of them were so poor that they afford only one meal a day, yet they gave what they could, with blessings to God, singing praise, 'Jai! Jai!' [glory] to the Lord Jesus Christ."

— The *Indian Witness* of April 22, in an editorial on the death of Miss Phebe Rowe, gives the following touching account of her last days: —

"For her health's sake as well as for the work in Naini Tal she was appointed there for the half-year when the heat and rains would not admit of safe itinerating on the plains. With her band of workers she arrived the 1st of April. Influenza was prevailing, and while laying plans for her summer campaign she was taken ill, but not seriously at first. The last four days she suffered much, but she bore all with sweetest patience. The release was welcome, for, as she said, 'she was very tired,' she could talk little, and could not send messages to friends individually. She said, 'Tell them all I love them,' 'Give my love to everybody,' 'I only want to live for the work, but God will raise up others to look after the sheep in the wilderness.' Her testimony was expressed in the words of a little hymn she used to sing, —

> "'My sins are washed away
> In the blood of the Lamb,
> I have lost the fear of death
> Through the blood of the Lamb.'

"She said: 'I thought my grave would have been somewhere in a village, but God is good to me to let me die among these beautiful mountains.' They hold safely the precious form, but the glorified spirit is following the Lamb by the living fountains of waters."

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NEWS OF THE WEEK

Tuesday, May 17

— Twelfth birthday of Alphonso XIII. of Spain.

— The late U. S. vice consul at Sagua La Grande, Cuba, reaches Key West with despatches from the insurgent leader, Gomez.

— Authentic news of peace between Nicaragua and Costa Rica.

— Funeral of Ensign Bagley, U. S. N., at Raleigh, N. C., killed on board the torpedo boat "Winslow;" 15,000 people in line.

— Death of Rev. Dr. Joseph T. Duryea, formerly pastor of the Central Congregational Church, this city.

— Navy Department forbids officers and employees from furnishing any information to the press of naval matters. Regular bulletins to be issued by the Department.

— President McKinley sends his first veto message to Congress.

— Tobacco manufacturers vigorously oppose increased taxes on tobacco.

Wednesday, May 18

— Launch of the battle-ship "Alabama" in Philadelphia.

— Flying Squadron arrives at Key West.

— New Spanish ministry formed by Sagasta. Spain to employ privateers under the fiction of "auxiliary cruisers."

— An American company secures valuable concessions from the Chinese government.

— A despatch from Hong Kong announces that the "Boston" and the "Concord" will demand the capitulation of Iloilo.

— House passes the eight-hour bill for all employees on government work.

— Corner-stone of Overton Hall at Northfield laid by Miss Helen Gould.

— Seven men killed and two seriously wounded by the fall of an elevator in South Boston.

— Spanish fleet reported off the coast of Venezuela.

— Adjutant General Corbin reports that thus far 92,530 volunteers have been mustered in; Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Massachusetts among the States completing their quota.

Thursday, May 19

— Death of William E. Gladstone at Hawarden.

— Cruiser "Charleston" leaves Mare Island for Manila, but puts back for repairs to condenser.

— "The "Lancaster" sails from Boston for Key West, where she is to be used as a flagship for the port admiral.

— The new Spanish cabinet announces its intention to prosecute the war with vigor. Report that a fleet with 11,000 soldiers is to be sent to Manila.

— Disastrous cyclone sweeps over Wisconsin, Iowa and Illinois, involving great loss of life and property.

— National Conference of Correction and Charities assembles at New York for its quarter-centennial session.

— Senhor Mendonca, Brazilian minister to the United States, presents letters of recall.

— House passes pension deficiency bill of over eight million dollars.

— Judge Putnam of Massachusetts questions constitutionality of the indeterminate sentence.

— Destructive fire at Attleboro, Mass.; 5,000 persons thrown out of employment. Loss estimated at $1,000,000.

— Eighteen thousand troops at Chattanooga; new regiments arriving daily.

Friday, May 20

— Spanish fleet reported at Santiago de Cuba.

— Dedication of a monument at Mecklenburg, N. C., to commemorate the Mecklenburg declaration of independence in 1775.

— Cruiser "Harvard" sails from St. Pierre, Martinique.

— Senate passes House resolution for auxiliary navy, but reduces the amount appropriated from $4,000,000 to $3,000,000.

— Three hundred Spaniards reported killed during the recent engagement at Cienfuegos.

— Savings banks protest against the proposition to tax deposits one-fourth of one per cent.

— Senator Sewell of New Jersey declines appointment as Major General of Volunteers.

— Peace assured in Venezuela by the death of the insurgent leader Hernandez.

— Thirty thousand men assembled at Chickamauga Park.

Saturday, May 21

— The Sixth Massachusetts Regiment receives a royal welcome in Baltimore.

— Ex-Minister sails from Montreal on his way to Madrid.

— General Shafter takes command of the troops at Tampa.

— The auxiliary cruiser "Montserrat" arrives at Corunna, Spain, having run the blockade at Cienfuegos.

— Death of Chief Justice Carpenter of New Hampshire.

— The cruiser "Newark" goes in commission at Norfolk. She will proceed to Key West as soon as possible.

— Brigadier General Frank assumes command of the Department of the East, succeeding Major General Merritt.

Monday, May 23

— A $75,000 fire at Manchester, N. H.

— Four mills at Fall River shut down to curtail production.

— Stringent orders from Washington in regard to the shipment of coal to the West Indies, Mexico, South and Central America, during the presence of the Spanish fleet in American waters.

— Death of Edward Bellamy, author of "Looking Backward," at his home in Chicopee Falls, aged 49.

— Robert Treat Paine, Jr., to raise a provisional company, ready for any future call for troops.

— Twelve thousand soldiers in San Francisco awaiting transportation to the Philippines.

— The U. S. S. "Charleston" sailed yesterday for Manila; the U. S. Monitor "Monterey" to be fitted out to follow her within ten days.

— The floating machine-shop "Vulcan," formerly the steamer "Chatham," goes in commission at Boston.

— Secretary and Mrs. John D. Long at Hingham.

— U. S. Supreme Court decides the oleomargarine laws of New Hampshire and Pennsylvania to be unconstitutional.

— The "Oregon" is reported to have reached Key West.

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